

Notes on Canada and South Africa.



BY G. M. THEAL, LL.D.

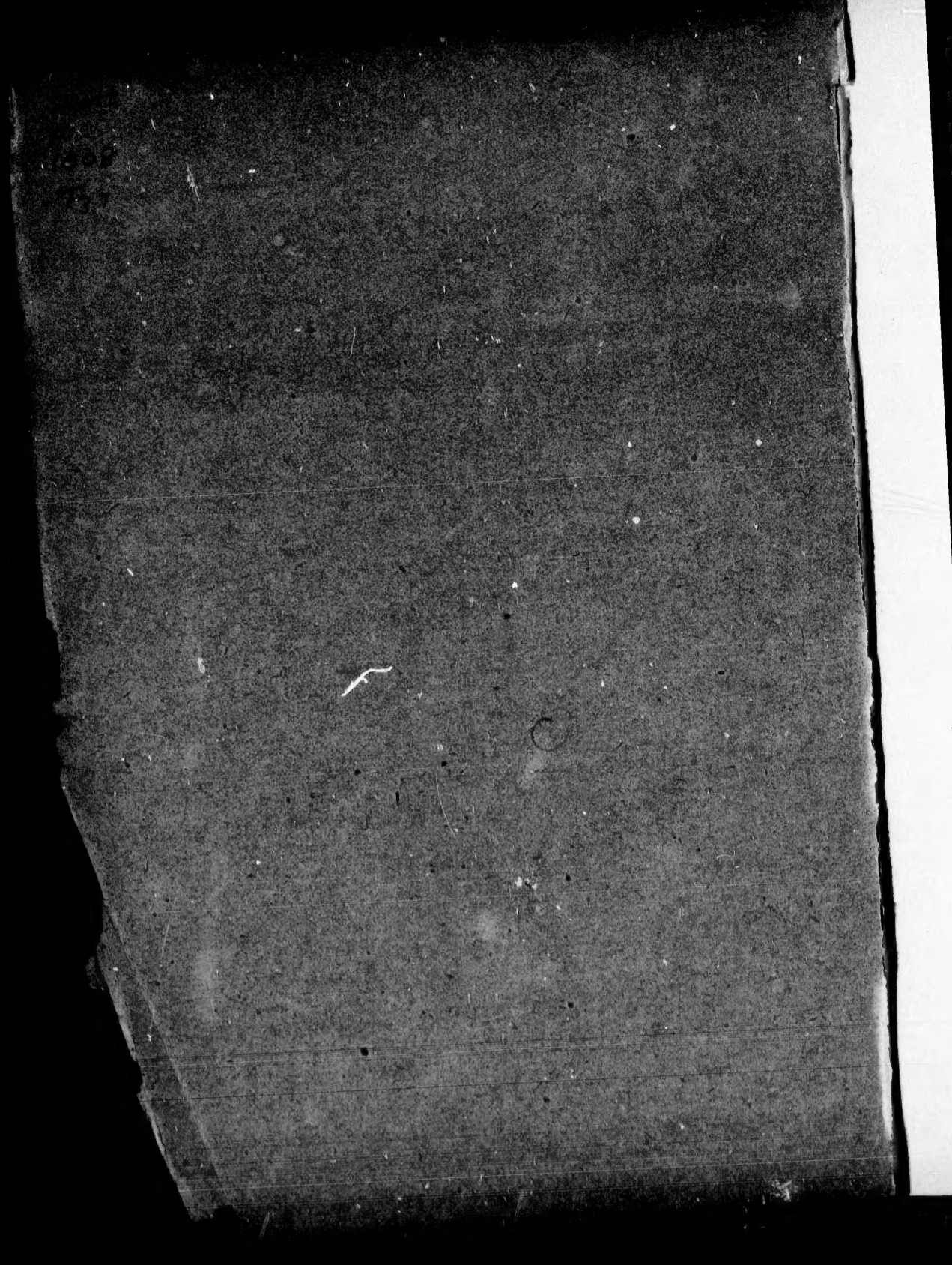


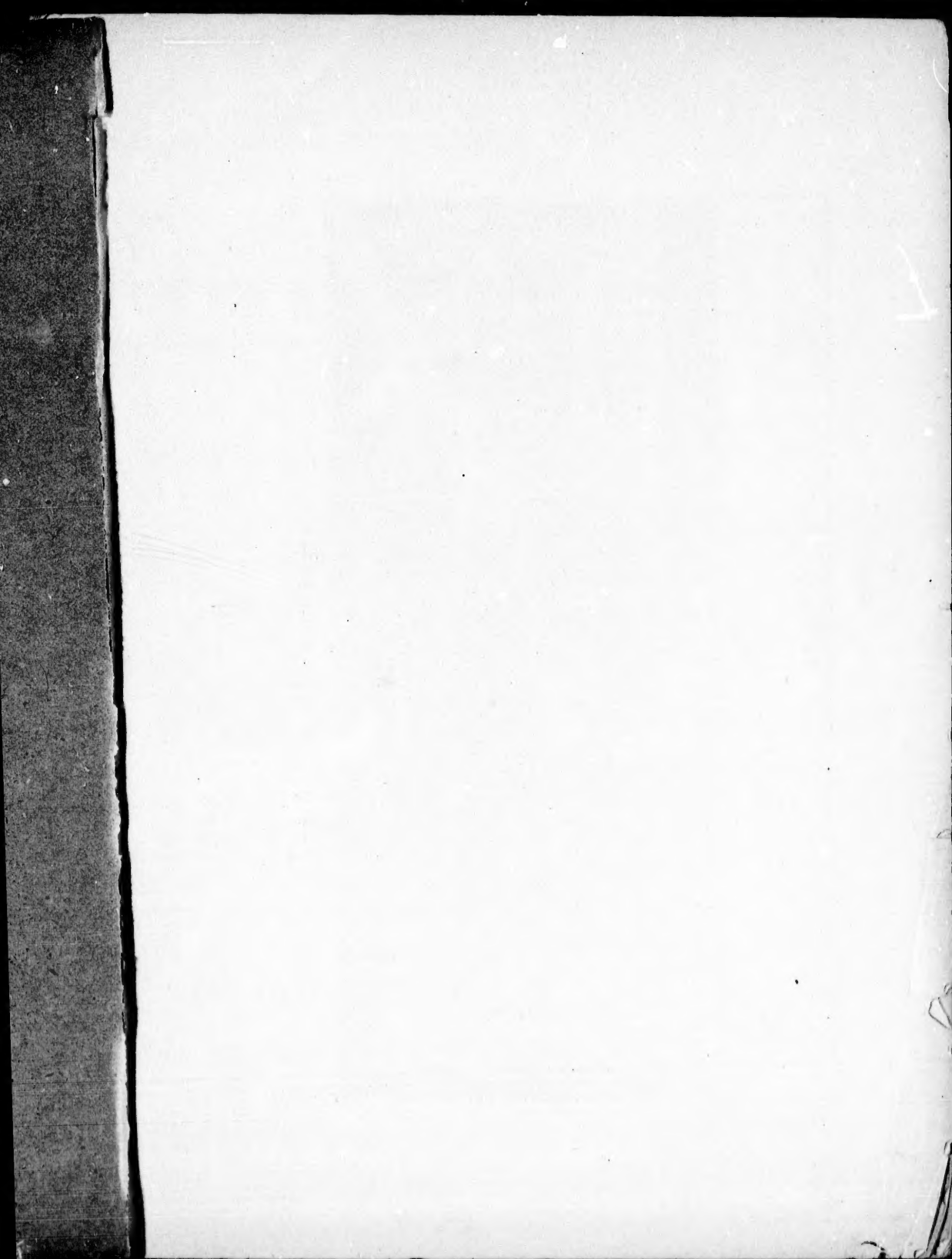
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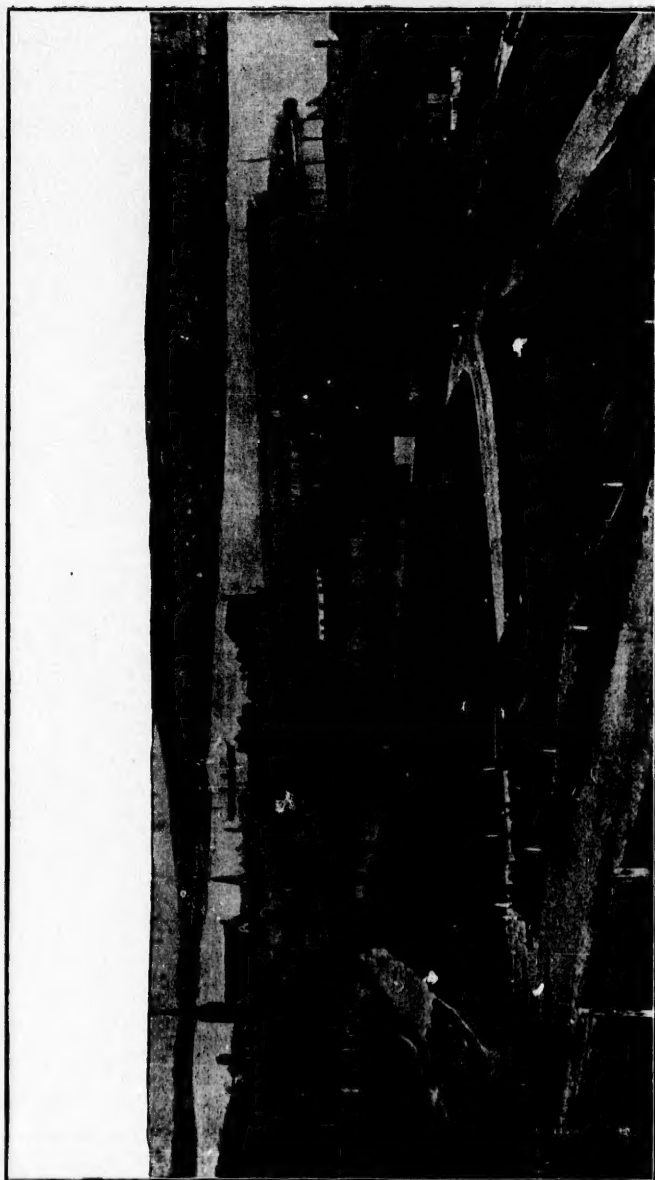
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NOTES ON CANADA & SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE PASSAGE FROM CAPETOWN TO MONTREAL.



"I will try to patch you up for a while" said the doctor, to whom I had just stated that I was resolved at all risks to complete the work upon which I was then engaged, "but you *must* take rest and get a change as soon as possible." I had been doing what is commonly known as "burning the candle at both ends," and with difficulty was brought to realise that to this the low state of my health was mainly due. I suppose that I am not the first who has been suddenly awakened to the fact that the vigour of early life has gone for ever, and that what was easy of accomplishment once can be done with impunity no longer. It was not pleasant to think of, but it could not be remedied, and thus the only thing to be done was to adapt myself to the altered condition of things.

A few months later my task was finished, and I was free to take rest and a change. I decided to visit Canada. In November 1854 I left that country, and though by means of books and letter writing I had kept in touch with events there during the forty years that had passed away, I wished to see with my eyes the changes that time had brought about.

Still more I wished to meet again those relatives whom death had kindly spared, and to stand by the tombs of those who had passed away. Up the valley of the river St. John my paternal great-grandfather, one of the United Empire Loyalists who migrated from New York to New Brunswick at the close of the revolutionary war which gave birth to the United States, was laid at rest soon after he reached Canadian soil. His eldest son, my grandfather, who, though only a youth at the time, also took part with those who strove against the disruption of the empire, lies in Carleton churchyard beside his wife, the daughter of another loyalist from New York. Across the river, in the cemetery of St. John, the dust of my kindred is thickly strewn. My father, two of my sisters, an uncle, and an aunt lie there, with many others less near in blood. My maternal grandfather, a sea captain born in England but domiciled in Canada, perished with all his crew in a great storm which cast his ship on Partridge Island, off the entrance of the river St. John, and his body was never found. His widow, the daughter of a loyalist from Connecticut, survived him sixty years, and her dust now lies in the old cemetery at Parraboro, Nova Scotia, beside that of one of my sisters. At Noel, across the Basin of Minas from Parraboro, lies the dust of another sister and of a niece of mine. In the churchyard of St. Martin's in the Woods, at Shediac, on the Straits of Northumberland, lie many of my near kindred, and there too were laid at rest classmates whom I cannot forget. Over the counties of York, St. John, Westmorland, Cumberland, and Hants, in

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, my relatives and connections by marriage are scattered, and I was assured that long absence would be no bar to a friendly reception by them all. My readers I hope will pardon me for these purely personal particulars: my object in giving them is to show that it is not merely from observations during a short visit, but from an intimate acquaintance with the land of my youth, that I am, or ought to be, qualified to write on Canadian subjects.

Of the passage from Capetown to England I need say but little, as it differed in hardly any respect from the hundreds of others which have been written of. A magnificent steamer, officers who do everything that is possible to

Separated from Cape Verde by only a narrow channel is the little island of Goree, where the French have a strong military and naval station. A great extent of territory on the continent behind belongs to them. We passed close to the shore, which presents a bold, though broken appearance, with some scenes of considerable beauty. None of the ridges or domes are very high. There are three lighthouses within a few miles of each other, and several fine buildings and many pretty trees are seen on the heights.

We dropped anchor off Teneriffe at half-past six on a Sunday morning, and found five other steamers—including two Spanish men-of-war—in the roadstead of Santa Cruz.

From our deck the brown volcanic hills looked almost bare. Above the town they are terraced in some places, and neat buildings are scattered over them as far as can be seen. The famous peak was visible on the left, but appeared to be only a knoll, as the greater part of it was obscured by the intervening ground.

Presently some boats with particularly intelligent and respectable looking oarsmen came alongside, and most of our passengers went ashore to look at the town. The mole upon which we landed is a substantial structure, and there is no difficulty in getting from the boat to the shore.

A guide who spoke English was engaged by each group of the steamer's passengers, for some wished to go in one direction, some in another. I went first to the market, which I had been told was remarkably good, and I was not disappointed with it. The display of vegetables and

poultry was certainly worthy of admiration. Of fruit the oranges and pears were good, and the grapes were moderately so, but the peaches and apples were poor. The market was clean, and everything in connection with it seemed to be in excellent order.

Santa Cruz contains some large and well-built houses. They are roofed with red tiles. The streets are narrow, and are paved with stone, with good sidewalks. I visited two fine churches. In the larger one the colours taken from Nelson, when he failed in his attack upon Teneriffe in July 1797 and lost his right arm, are kept in a glass case suspended out of reach against the wall. Services were



make the life of the passengers pleasant while on board, fair weather, deep blue and almost unrippled seas, two or three intensely hot days under a vertical sun, shoals of porpoises, swarms of flying fish, mornings of the deepest feeling of luxurious rest, delightful evenings underawnings spread over decks lit with electric lamps, these are the almost invariable accompaniments of a passage between England and South Africa, and they were just a little intensified on this occasion. If any one could otherwise have complained of monotony, the opportunity of doing so was removed by our running close past Cape Verde and calling at Santa Cruz and Lisbon.

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being held, and in the larger church a military band was taking part in the music, but people were walking in and out all the time. At the door were some cripples begging for alms. From the churches I went to a neat public garden, where a considerable number of people of both sexes were sitting on the benches or walking about chatting. Among them were groups of pretty, lively, tastefully-dressed children. Many of the ladies were blondes in complexion, with light flaxen hair, but the majority of both sexes, being of mixed Spanish and Guanche blood, were nearly as dark as quadroons in South Africa. I did not see a single negro in Santa Cruz. In reply to a question the guide informed me that there was a public library maintained by the municipality, but upon going to the building we found the door locked, so I was unable to gratify my curiosity concerning its contents. The guide knew nothing about it beyond its existence, but maintained the dignity of his character and the pride of his calling by repeating more than once "strangers not go there." It was evidently out of his list of "show places." One is not justified in writing much about a town after a stay of only four or five hours in it, so I shall merely add that the impression which Santa Cruz left upon me was of a pleasing nature. Neatness and good order were observable wherever I went.

Having taken coal on board, at half-past twelve the steamer's anchor was raised, and we were again speeding our way northward, in a few hours losing sight of the island and its majestic peak.

At dawn of the third day after leaving Tenerife we were at the mouth of the Tagus, and a pilot came on board. The scene as we ascended the river was very beautiful. Lisbon, built on the slope of a range of hills along the northern bank, is seen to the greatest advantage, and as we passed up some gentlemen on board who had long resided there pointed out the principal places of interest. At half past seven we dropped anchor, and a few minutes later I was on my way to the shore. There was not time, however, to see much, for in five hours we were steaming away again, so I could do nothing more than peer into a few superb churches, walk through a large market, inspect a couple of bookstores, pace up and down some of the streets, admiring the handsome buildings and the tessellated sidewalks, and take a hasty look at the deceptive pavement of a square which, though perfectly flat and smooth, by an arrangement of colour is made to resemble the rolling waves of the sea.

Six months later, when returning to South

Africa, I visited this city again, and had a better opportunity of sight-seeing, as my health was greatly improved and I could spend several hours longer on shore. On this occasion I looked into the church of St. Roque, and inspected in it the beautiful chapel of St. John. I then went into the Star convent—no longer used as such,—and afterwards examined the large English church and spent half an hour in the cemetery adjoining it, which is kept in excellent order. Later in the day I visited the celebrated reservoir of water, and went up to its roof, from which a good view is to be had. The reservoir and watercourse were originally constructed by the Moors, when they occupied Portugal, but the stonework fell into decay, and nearly the whole was rebuilt in the sixteenth century. From the reservoir I went to a small public garden called the Jardim de S. Pedro d'Alcantara, where I was informed there was a bust of Bartholomeo Dias, the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, but by this time darkness was setting in, and though I saw a good many busts I missed the one I was in search of. There was another place I should dearly have liked to visit—the Torre do Tombo, where the archives of the kingdom are kept,—but I would have needed weeks, not hours, in that building, and it was then already time to go on board the steamer.

At the beautiful capital of Portugal it is impossible for a stranger not to muse upon the past glory of the little kingdom, and to inquire into the causes of its decay. The reason is not far to seek. In the enterprising time of Prince Henry the Navigator the blood of the people was pure, for the Caucasian there had never crossed his stock with the Moorish invaders, as had been done in other parts of the peninsula. Then came the discovery of the ocean route to India, and the equipment of great trading fleets by the Portuguese kings, who kept the lucrative traffic of the East as a monopoly in their own hands. The country was drained of its workmen, and to cultivate the land in the southern provinces slaves were introduced. The Moors had been expelled, but now Africans of a lower type were brought from the coast of Guinea and placed as permanent residents on the large estates in the south. In course of time a mixture of races took place, and degeneration went on until energy and enterprise completely disappeared. The upper classes throughout Portugal and the peasantry of the northern provinces at the present day are as intelligent as any people in Europe, but they are weighed down and lost in the mass of the inhabitants of mixed blood. Here is surely a lesson, and

a sufficiently striking one, for those who speak and write of miscegenation as desirable in countries occupied jointly by Europeans and Africans.

At one o'clock on the 6th of October we reached Southampton. The distance from Capetown is in round numbers six thousand nautical miles, and our steamer had taken, exclusive of stoppages, twenty-two days and sixteen hours to make the passage. The greyhounds of either the Union or Castle fleets cover the distance in fifteen or sixteen days,

Western railway. The journey across England is made in from four and a half to six hours, according to the train.

At Liverpool I spent some time, but unfortunately I was too indisposed to look around me much. The hotel at which I put up, however, was only a pistol shot from the public library, the museum, and the art gallery, and I was able to visit those institutions and spend the greater part of a day in each. They are certainly creditable even to the second commercial city in the empire,



PRACA DOM PEDRO, LISBON.

but they are usually crowded with passengers, and as I was in no hurry and hoped that my health would be improved by the sea air, I had purposely chosen one of the slower but to me more comfortable ships of the first named line.

From Southampton I went on to London by train, and after a very short stay in the great city proceeded to Liverpool by the North-

though there are no pictures of the very first order in the art gallery. Pausing in front of these buildings I was struck by the large number of ragged, unkempt, dirty, and puny people of both sexes that were passing by. I never saw so many of the kind before. Gracious heaven, if these people swarm in one of the best parts of the city, what must the slums be like! The worst streets in Capetown have no denizens such as they.

At Liverpool I took passage for Montreal in the *Vancouver*, one of the best steamers of the Dominion fleet. The weekly mails between Great Britain and Canada are carried alternately by this line and the Allan, just as those between Great Britain and South Africa are carried by the Union and Castle companies. Their eastern point of departure is Liverpool, and their western Montreal in the summer-

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months and Halifax in the winter, when the navigation of the St. Lawrence is closed. The ships of these fleets are hardly as large as the latest built of the Union or Castle Company, but they are fine vessels, of exceptional strength, and heavily engined. The different conditions of the passenger trade between England and South Africa and between England and Canada have occasioned a difference in the finishing of the ships. The South African liners, passing over a tropical sea and seldom encountering stormy weather, keep their decks neater, and spread awnings as a protection from the sun. Their saloons are larger, for the majority of their passengers travel either first or second class. The steamers of the Dominion and Allan lines have accommodation for six hundred to a thousand steerage passengers, as the emigrants to America are chiefly of the labouring class, who pay a very small fare, and are satisfied with rough quarters and food. The intermediate accommodation in these ships even is very little better than that of the third class in the fleets of the Union and Castle companies. Their principal saloons are smaller than those of the steamers with which I am comparing them, and are not equal in style and finish, though the tables are about the same. The *Labrador*, the latest built ship of the Dominion fleet, has a much smaller saloon than the *Vancouver*,—capable of seating only fifty-four persons,—as the Company has been guided in her construction by the experience of a quarter of a century, and knows that greater accommodation for passengers of this class will never be needed in the winter, while in summer second tables can be set if required. These ships have fairly good promenade decks, but there is very little brasswork about and awnings are seldom spread, for the North Atlantic is rough and stormy as a rule, and the passengers remain in the saloons and the smoking rooms, which in winter are kept warm and cosy by means of heated pipes.

Sixteen hours steaming took us to Lough Foyle, where we anchored off the village of Moville in order to take in the mails and the Irish contingent of passengers coming down from Londonderry to meet us. The steamer was timed to remain here ten hours. The hills in their autumn dress, dotted over with stacks of oats and barley, and divided into plots of various sizes and shapes, looked very pretty from the deck. We were so close that with an ordinary field glass we could see parties of men digging potatoes in the fields.

Moville had an evil reputation with the passengers on board, some of whom had visited

it once, and declared they would never do so again. They described its people as perfect land sharks and its jarvies as the greatest pests in all the world. The Madeira beggars, they said, were pleasant to deal with compared with the Moville jaunting car drivers, and they strongly advised those of us who were strangers to the place to be satisfied with a look at it from our secure position. But I had never been on Irish soil, and now that an opportunity offered of seeing an Irish village, with a whole morning to spare, I could not resist the temptation to go ashore. Several others were of the same mind, and as a boat with three very civil and respectable looking men in her was waiting alongside, we prepared to go down the gangway. "I will just take a stroll about the place," said I, "and see what it is like." "I'll bet you a sovereign to a sixpence that you don't stroll a hundred yards from the landing place," replied one of the experienced in Moville ways. I did not close with the offer, but I felt sure that if I chose to do so I should win. Alas for my confidence in myself, I should certainly have lost.

At the landing place a number of car drivers were waiting to receive us. We had scarcely put our feet on shore when they began to pester us in every variety of tone, and soon the din became almost deafening. The streets of the village were only a few paces distant, but to get over those few paces was soon seen to be impossible. It had rained heavily the night before, the roads were sloughs of mud, and if left to ourselves not one of the party but would have been glad of the convenience of a vehicle. But to be forced to take one was another matter. I and some others turned towards the boat, with the intention of at once returning on board, but the boatmen had disappeared. I was standing on a narrow ridge of comparatively dry ground, which appeared to lead up to the village, and on each side was a perfect quagmire. The position strategically was a bad one. The jarvies realised it at once, and before I could move away one jaunting car was across the ridge in front and another behind. "You might get rid of a limpet," said a driver at a little distance, "but you won't get rid of them till they see you on the outside of a car." Advance and retreat were alike cut off. I looked round and saw that all who had come ashore except myself had been obliged to submit, and were being driven off through the mud, so I got on the car in front, and asked to be taken to the end of the street, perhaps fifty steps away.

On the car I had at least relief from the noisy pestering I had undergone, and there-

fore did not remonstrate when I was driven through the village, which, indeed, presented nothing worthy of inspection. I saw a stream of cars with my fellow victims on them on in front, so I merely asked the driver where he was taking me. "Where would I go," said he, "but to the old castle, sure everybody likes to see that: it's the finest sight in Ireland." His tongue never ceased. He told wonderful stories about the eccentricities of the mare, the badness of the roads in every other direction than that in which he was taking me, the hard times, and I know not what else.

"The finest sight in Ireland," when at last I got to it, turned out to be some remnants of the walls of a plain building never of any great size. A woman was there collecting a fee for inspecting the ruins and offering for sale a pamphlet purporting to contain a history of the castle, from which I learned that it was built in 1305 by Richard de Burgo, earl of Ulster, in order to protect his estates from the Irish chiefs in the neighbourhood. There is a good view from some high ground at no great distance from the ruin, but nothing to go into ecstasy over, and if it were even the grandest sight in the world it would be utterly spoiled by the people who pester visitors to buy shell necklaces and blackthorn sticks, though it is true these are to the car drivers only as house-flies to hornets.

On the way back to Moville the driver pointed out a circular dyke of earth, where a Danish round tower had stood in times long gone, but I did not stop to inspect it. When we reached the village and I had paid the exorbitant fare which was asked, I purchased a few trifles in a shop at about double London prices, and then tried again to look at the place, but the pestering recommenced and I gave it up. With some others I made the best of my way to the landing place, where we waited until the boatmen appeared, keeping our tormentors at bay as best we could, and very glad were we when we got again on board the *Vancouver*. In justice to the boatmen I must add that their charges were most reasonable and their conduct all that could be desired. But as for Moville, it may be my fate to be in Lough Foyle again,—I was there when returning to England in the *Labrador*,—but no more shall I be seen among the car drivers on that spot of Irish soil, no, not if I know it.

At two in the afternoon we steamed out of Lough Foyle, passed inside of Innistrathull Island, on which is a lighthouse, nineteen miles from Moville, and had a view of the coast of Scotland across the channel. Beyond Malin Head, the northern point of Ireland, the land rises in ranges of hills that almost aspire to the dignity of mountains, but darkness set in shortly, and we saw nothing more except the light on Tory Island later in the evening.

The next day was stormy, and a heavy sea was running, so that very few of the passengers left their rooms. But on the following morning there was a large party about, and I found that we had people on board from half the countries of Europe, besides a thick sprinkling



of Canadians returning to their homes. From some of these I obtained much information concerning the far west, the present condition of the country beyond Winnipeg, and the prospects of settlers on the Pacific slope. A couple of farmers from Manitoba informed me that they were at present not doing very well, as wheat—the great staple of the West—had been produced in excessive quantities, and was therefore worth only thirty-eight to forty cents a bushel. At that rate—equal to 4s. 9d. to 5s. a muid—it does not pay to grow it, fifty cents a bushel, or 6s. 3d. a muid, being the lowest profitable price. In South Africa it cannot be raised for even double the last named figures.

On the 24th of October we passed Belle Isle, and near its western extremity, between the island and the coast of Labrador, lay, dazzling white in the rays of the setting sun, an iceberg that had drifted down from the north too late

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in the season to melt away. The part visible above water was about five or six times the size of the *Vancouver*. The northern coast of Newfoundland was in sight on one side and the coast of Labrador on the other, both looking extremely barren and desolate. That evening we had a display of the aurora borealis, though not on a very grand scale.

The following day we passed Anticosti, and on the morning of the 26th were in the mouth of the great river of Canada, the noble water highway of the St. Lawrence, up which Jacques Cartier sailed first of white men in 1535. Its farther bank was not visible from the steamer. At ten o'clock we were abreast of Rimouski, and slackened speed while a tender came alongside to receive the passengers and mails for the Maritime Provinces. These are conveyed eastward by special train of the intercolonial railway, which runs down the right bank of the St. Lawrence from Levis, opposite Quebec, and at Rimouski turns and continues its course to Halifax in Nova Scotia.

Keeping up the river at full steam, the banks gradually became closer to each other, and the villages and farmhouses on our left clustered more and more thickly together. Steamers were going up and down, and sailing vessels and fishing smacks were flitting about in every direction. All day we kept on our course, the scenery changing but little, and at ten in the evening the *Vancouver* was moored to a pier at Quebec.

This famous French city, the cradle of civilisation in Canada, is built on a bold rocky promontory that projects into the St. Lawrence until its extreme point is less than a mile distant from Levis on the opposite bank. Port Elizabeth is the only town in South Africa that in any way resembles Quebec in contour of site. Each has a lower terrace devoted chiefly to commerce, and each has a high background on which the best buildings are erected. But Quebec has six times the population of Port Elizabeth, and its buildings are of course larger, while it is an absolutely safe river harbour, whereas Port Elizabeth has only an exposed ocean roadstead.

The citadel of Quebec stands three hundred and thirty feet above the river, and in it are kept large quantities of military stores and munitions of war. It is occupied also as a barrack by Canadian forces, there being no imperial troops in the Dominion except at Halifax. The site of the old castle of St. Louis, partly erected by Champlain in the early years of the seventeenth century and destroyed in 1834, is now occupied by a palatial hotel called the Chateau Frontenac, from the

windows of which I was informed magnificent views are to be had of the river, the isle of Orleans, the opposite shore, and the valley of the St. Charles. Quebec is the only walled city in Canada; it is the seat of the local government of the province of the same name, and prominent among its institutions is the University of Laval. I cannot describe its streets, its numerous churches and other buildings, nor indeed anything more about it than I have done, because I saw the city only at night, and was obliged to content myself with purchasing at Montreal some photographs and books concerning it, from which I have no right to quote. The great majority of its people are in language and manner of living as French now as their ancestors were when in 1759 the victory gained by Wolfe brought the city within the British dominions.



ARCHWAY, LISBON.

Many of our passengers went ashore here, and cargo was being rapidly discharged by means of electric lamps and steam winches. Gangs of men were as busy as if it had been day, and in five hours an immense quantity of goods was put ashore.

At three in the morning we were under steam again, and from daylight until two in the afternoon, when we reached Montreal, except while we were passing through Lake St. Peter, I feasted my eyes upon the ever varying but always beautiful scenery. On both banks the farmhouses and villages form a continuous chain, almost every knoll has a

church upon it, and the river itself, studded with numerous islands, is a picture of entrancing interest.

Montreal is distant from Liverpool two thousand eight hundred nautical miles by the shortest sea route, and the *Vancouver* had made the run—exclusive of the stoppages at Moville and Quebec—in eight days and eleven hours.

The fares respectively of the Union and Castle and of the Dominion and Allan lines are: Between Capetown and London, either way, first £37 16s. to £40 19s., second £24 3s. to £26 5s., third £10 10s. to £16 16s., according to steamer. Between Liverpool and Montreal or Halifax, either way, first £10 to £14 in winter and £10 10s. to £18 18s. in summer, according to size and position of stateroom; intermediate—very little better than the third in the Union and Castle steamers—£5 going westward, £6 5s. going eastward; steerage £2 going westward, £3 2s. 6d. going eastward.

CHAPTER II.

ABORIGINES, EUROPEAN COLONISTS, PHYSICAL FEATURES, AREA, AND CLIMATE OF CANADA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

Before giving an account of my journey onward from Montreal, I think it will be well briefly to compare the aborigines of Canada and South Africa, and also to say something of the physical features and extent of each country, the climate, and adaptability of the land for agricultural and pastoral purposes, as well as to sketch briefly their history before they became portions of the British dominions.

I do not pretend to be as intimately acquainted with the aborigines of Canada as I am with those of South Africa, among whom the best years of my life have been spent. I never personally came in contact with any other Indians than some Micmacs and Millicetes of the Algonquin family, who roamed about Nova Scotia and New Brunswick when I was a youth, and a few words of whose language I then picked up. I have seen their wigwams many times at the forest's edge along the Straits of Northumberland, and I have watched their canoes in the summer evenings gliding over the water of the harbours there, as they sought for lobsters by torchlight, but of course that does not give me sufficient knowledge to write about them. It is from books that I have gathered my information, and I have read many, with this advantage that as I know the South African natives well, when I found any

of their peculiarities ascribed to the Indians I could at once recognise them, and when it was otherwise I was led to pursue the inquiry and try to ascertain the cause.

How, when, and where the different varieties of human beings had their origin will probably never be known: it is sufficient to say that both in Canada and South Africa, when those countries were discovered, men differing greatly from Europeans were found. And what is much more strange, in each of these countries races differing greatly from each other existed. In South Africa the puny Bushmen, the better formed Hottentots, and the stalwart Bantu were living; and in Canada the best authorities are of opinion that the relationship is very remote between the Eskimo of the polar regions, the nomad Algonquins, and the stationary agricultural tribes, of which the Hurons may be taken as representatives.

The Hurons and Algonquins were of a reddish copper colour, they had long coarse black hair, were nearly beardless, had prominent features, and were in general well formed and large in body. The Eskimo were lighter in complexion, and though not so tall were usually stouter. The South African Bushmen were dwarfs of a dirty yellow colour, with only little peppercorns of wool on their heads, with flat noses, fox-like faces, and crooked ill-formed bodies. The Hottentots were of a similar colour, but had somewhat better features, and were larger and straighter-backed. The Bantu were equal to the best specimens of Indians in form and stature, they varied in colour from deep brown to black, their heads were thickly covered with woolly hair, and many of them had fairly prominent noses and bearded faces.

Notwithstanding these differences, it would have required a practised eye to distinguish at a short distance a group of any of these people from a group of any other. Covered with clay, soot, or dirt until the natural colour of their skins was concealed; the men, unless in cold weather, almost in a state of nudity, marching in front with nothing but weapons of war; the women following, carrying infants on their backs and bearing all the burdens of the household; the children, sedate beyond their years, trudging in a file behind: this was a scene that could be witnessed alike in Canada and in South Africa.

In debate also on serious matters there was a strong resemblance between the Indians, the Bantu, and the Hottentots. Many of the men were orators of a high order, their arguments were clear, their language was full of imagery, and they often displayed con-

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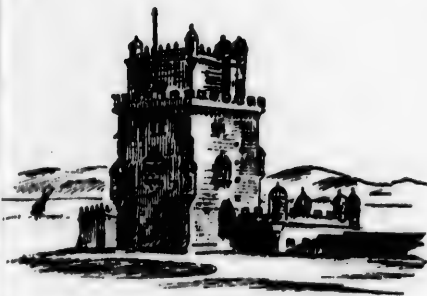
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o reason, and in wild terror became even less
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For a belief in the existence of wizards
nd witches, and in their power and disposition
o work evil, was common to all the aborigines
f both countries, who attributed to their
malign influence diseases, accidents, and
disasters of every kind. An individual accused
y a witchfinder of practising sorcery met
ith the same fate in one place as in the other.
Common to all was a dread of hobgoblins and
vil spirits in the air, on the land, and under
the water, and who specially haunted certain
ocalities. All alike believed that men could
e made to assume the form of animals, and
all had faith in spells and charms. In ancestral
pirit worship the Bantu had a defined
eligion, which none of the others possessed,
or their notions with regard to a deity were
xtremely vague and childish.



THE TOWER OF BELEM LISBON.

The Canadian Indian, no matter to which
section he belonged, was a low type of man.
The bison in countless herds roamed over the
western plains, the moose and the caribou were
spread over the eastern region; but he had
never attempted to tame them; his only
domestic animal was the dog. His country
abounded in metals, yet he knew nothing of
their use: flints, shells, bones, wood, and clay
were the only materials of which he formed
his implements. In these respects he resembled
the South African Bushman, who was without
other domestic animal than the dog, and who
did not smelt metals.

In ferocity of disposition and disregard of
the value of human life the Indian and the
Bushman were alike. Each delighted in tor-
turing his enemies, and gloated over the
sufferings of either men or animals. But the
Indian was capable of enduring without a
murmur the same torment that he inflicted
upon his foes, for like the South African
Bantu his whole education tended to make
him a stoic and to give him the ability to
conceal his emotions.

The Indian painted his body, went almost
naked in summer, and clothed himself with
furs in winter. His habitations were filthy, and
for cleanliness of person he cared nothing.
Here he was like all the aboriginal races of
South Africa. With savages and barbarians
everywhere the sense of smell is exceedingly
dull, and they can live without discomfort or ill
consequence in an atmosphere so vitiated that
to Europeans it would be deadly.

The Algonquins and the Eskimo were
nomads and lived by hunting and fishing, the
Algonquins also gathered nuts, berries, and
other wild vegetable productions. The Bush-
men lived in precisely the same way. The
wigwam of the Algonquin, however, was equal
to a Hottentot hut, the one being formed of
slender poles and sheets of birch bark, the
other of still lighter poles and reed mats. The
Bushmen were content with a cave or a hole
in the ground screened by a mat. The
Hottentots had cows and sheep, and lived on
milk, meat, and wild plants. They did not
cultivate the soil.

The Hurons were tillers of the ground, and
derived the greater portion of their food from
gardens of maize. They built fairly
commodious dwellings in palisaded enclosures,
and stored their corn in underground granaries.
This might be written of the Bantu, substi-
tuting millet for maize, and omitting palisaded
enclosures. The dwellings were indeed
differently constructed, but the amount of
skill needed to put them together was about
the same. With both Hurons and Bantu all
the heavy labour fell to the women. Their
gardens were not laid out in regular form,
there were no straight lines or perfect circles
to be seen, for the eye of the uncivilised man
is careless about such matters.

In mechanical skill the Hurons and Algon-
quins were in advance of all the aborigines of
South Africa. Their tobacco pipes, knob-
kerries or fighting sticks, bows, arrows, snow
shoes, and baskets were equal, and their bark
canoes were superior to the very neatest
articles of any kind made by Bantu, Hottentots,

or Bushmen. These canoes were often highly ornamented with pieces of porcupine quill dyed in brilliant colours and worked in neat patterns along the gunwales and especially about the raised prows, they were so strong that they could carry a whole family down rushing rapids, and so light that they could be borne by a single man over the rough ground between two sheets of water. Only the Indians were ignorant of the use of iron and copper, knowledge possessed by both the Hottentots and Bantu of South Africa.

Setting one kind of knowledge against another, the various classes of people may be ranged in the following order:

1. The Bushmen, lowest of all, nomadic hunters, without knowledge of agriculture or metals, with no domestic animal except the dog, and cruel and vindictive to the last degree.

2. The Eskimo, a little higher, because less savage in disposition and somewhat more advanced in mechanical skill, but otherwise similar.

3. The Algonquins, another step in advance, hunters and fishers, fierce and cruel, with more mechanical skill than either of the preceding classes, but unacquainted with metals, and neither practising agriculture nor possessing domestic cattle.

4. The Hottentots, a little higher still, nomad herdsmen, mild in disposition, acquainted with copper and iron, ignorant of agriculture, and without mechanical skill.

5. The Hurons, somewhat more advanced, settled agriculturists, fishermen, and hunters, vindictive and cruel, without domestic cattle or knowledge of metals, but possessing considerable mechanical skill.

6. The Bantu, much the highest of all, cruel to some extent but not immoderately vindictive, agriculturists, with domestic animals, and using metals, but not having quite as much mechanical skill as the Hurons.

Of all these people, but one class—the Eskimo—has not come permanently in contact with European civilisation. Of the others, the Bantu alone have not diminished in number before the face of the white man. There never were many Indians, or Hottentots, or Bushmen, because an immense extent of land was needed for the support of a few people living as they did; but small as their number was three centuries ago, it is very much smaller now. Some writers are of opinion that intoxicants and gunpowder have caused the decrease; but

that theory is certainly incorrect. A good many Bushmen indeed were shot down in South Africa, and a good many Indians in Canada, but very few Hottentots perished in that way, and under ordinary circumstances the loss from this cause in all the classes would quickly have been made good by natural increase. The effect of the immoderate use of intoxicating liquor by the savages was also trifling compared with other agencies of destruction. The true causes of the dying out of the savage races were:

1. Diseases transmitted by white men, chief among which were small-pox and consumption. The ancestors of the savages had never known these diseases, consequently when they first appeared they caused awful havoc.

2. Low fertility induced by sudden changes in manner of living. The diet of the savages was necessarily altered when Europeans appeared among them, and partial sterility was the result. The game upon which the Bushmen and the Indians mainly depended was shot down, and they were obliged to find other food, the Hottentots from being milk drinkers became vegetable eaters, and families dwindled away and died out. This was the chief cause, I believe, of the great diminution in number of the aborigines of Canada and of the two lower races in South Africa.

The Bantu, on the contrary, have thriven in the presence of Europeans, and increased more rapidly than any other people on the face of the earth. Why is this? Because they used both vegetable and animal food and even intoxicating liquor before they came in contact with us, because they were a settled people, because we changed neither their diet nor their manner of living, because they were sufficiently robust to stand against our diseases, and because, instead of adding to, we removed the causes—internecine war and slaughter on charges of sorcery—which previously kept their number down.

The European population of Canada is at present four million eight hundred thousand. There are a hundred thousand Indians and a very few negroes, but their number is so small that their presence does not affect the welfare of the country to any appreciable extent, and there is not the slightest danger politically or socially to be apprehended from them. The French and the English, it is true, have not blended their blood, but they stand side by side in a way that people never can who differ in colour, and between whom there is the great gulf that separates civilisation from barbarism. Against nearly five millions of progressive

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f, South Africa has barely seven hundred
ousand, and these have to deal with fully
our million individuals of the black races,
who, with few exceptions, seem incapable of
ising to any high standard within a measur-
able period of time.

The physical features of Canada differ widely
rom those of South Africa. The country is a
vast plain, the greater part of it being elevated
ess than a thousand feet above the level of
the sea, and, though there are mountain ranges
on it, it has only one lofty ridge—the Rocky
Mountains—in its whole extent. It is a land
of mighty rivers, and of lakes which are vast
freshwater seas. Africa, south of the Zambesi,
is a huge flat-topped mountain, elevated from
four to six thousand feet above the ocean, and
with terraced sides, east, west, and south. Its
streams—even the largest—are mere torrents,
rushing down in deep gorges
after heavy rains, and showing
almost dry channels at other
seasons.

It is well for civilised man
that these vast portions of the
earth's surface are so unlike each
other. If Canada was a lofty
land, the cold would be so intense
that neither animal nor vegeta-
ble life in the higher forms could
exist, it would be a waste of
frozen earth and snow-clad hills,
with glaciers filling every valley.
If South Africa rose only a few
feet above the level of the ocean,
the malaria of its swamps would
for ever prevent its being the
home of men of the Caucasian type, it would
be inhabited solely by savages. The great
Designer knew exactly what was proper for
each.

The coasts of Canada contain numerous
natural harbours that rank among the very
best in the world, landlocked, capacious, and
perfectly safe. In this respect South Africa is
at a great disadvantage. She has but two:
Saldanha Bay on the western coast, which is
nearly useless on account of the barren country
around, and Delagoa Bay on the eastern
coast, which is fever stricken and in the hands
of a power that has no territory of any conse-
quence behind it. The commerce of Canada
is spared the charges for interest on such vast
sums of money as have necessarily been
expended in improving Table Bay, the mouth
of the Buffalo, and Port Natal.

The area of Canada—nearly three and a half
million square miles including its lake surface,

or three million three hundred and sixteen
thousand square miles of land—is a little more
than three times as great as that of Africa
south of the Zambesi. It is not possible
to say exactly what proportion is capable
of occupation by white men. The common
opinion in the country itself is that nearly half
of the whole extent is fit for either agriculture
or cattle rearing, and it is certain that extensive
tracts in the north-west, which only a few
years ago were believed to be wastes of almost
eternal frost, are now found to be extremely
rich in pastoral resources, with winters so mild
that cattle can live without being housed.
Still, if the land bordering on the Arctic sea
and Hudson's Bay with all other that is known
to be frostbound be excluded, and a reasonable
allowance be made for that which is still
doubtful, perhaps one-third of the whole would
be a fair estimate of the portion that can be



AN INDIAN CANOE.

turned to account. South Africa, considered as
a home for Europeans, is small in comparison.
If all that is fever stricken, all that is arid, and
all that is occupied by blacks be excluded, two
hundred and fifty thousand square miles will
be the largest estimate that is possible.

In productiveness there is no ground in
South Africa equal to the rich marshlands of
the maritime provinces of Canada, except
perhaps those portions of the valley of the
Elephant river that are occasionally over-
flowed by the stream, when a thin layer of fine
karoo clay is left behind. These marshlands
sell readily at £30 an acre, for they are con-
sidered a safe investment at that price. They
need no manuring. When the surface soil
begins to show signs of exhaustion, the dikes
are opened, the water at high tide covers it,
and its marvellous fertility is at once restored.
The depth of soil is very great. Year after
year the marshlands, without any labour being

bestowed upon them, will produce per acre from two to three tons of hay, worth from 29s. to 42s. a ton. There is no expenditure, except for cutting the hay and removing it from the ground.

But with this exception, the South African soil in places where the rainfall is ample or it can be irrigated and is of good depth, compares favourably with that of Canada. In the western provinces of the Dominion, where wheat is produced in immense quantities, the crops are occasionally spoiled by untimely frost, and in South Africa they are occasionally destroyed by insects; one perhaps balances the other. Canada has this advantage however: in the wheatlands a plough can be driven for miles in any direction without encountering a hillock, whereas in South Africa the surface of lands fit for agriculture is generally uneven. This advantage will be still greater when electricity supersedes animal power in working the plough, an event that many land owners are now preparing for. Against a many furrowed plough drawn by electricity on level soil softened and refreshed by frost, the South African farmer will shortly have to compete with only the means he has at present. But where small plots of ground are cultivated, as, for instance, for market gardening or fruit growing, the balance of advantages will be against the Canadian on the uplands.

In climate I am of opinion that South Africa has greatly the advantage, though Canadians living in the long settled provinces hold the contrary view. The yearly range of the thermometer is enormously greater in Canada, but the daily range is greater in some parts of South Africa. In July and August there are days in the provinces between Manitoba and Nova Scotia when the heat is as oppressive as it ever is in any part of Africa south of the Zambesi, if it is not even more so, because it continues through the night, whereas in South Africa as soon as the sun goes down the air usually becomes cool. On the other hand the extremely hot weather does not last so long. In winter the cold in Manitoba is from eighty to ninety degrees greater than it is in South Africa, and in the maritime provinces it is forty to fifty degrees greater. The ground is frozen as hard as rock, the rivers are covered with solid ice, and snow lies deep over all. When it blows, even at mid-day, the wind is piercing, and a finger or an ear that is exposed is quickly frostbitten. In South Africa in July and August it often freezes slightly at night, snow lies for days together on the tops of elevated mountains, and a fire in the evening, though not absolutely

necessary, is regarded by most people as adding to comfort. But as soon as the sun is above the horizon the temperature rises, and at noon-day—unless rain is falling—it is usually pleasantly warm. The daily range of the thermometer, that is between 4 a.m. and 4 p.m., is occasionally in some parts of South Africa sixty to seventy degrees, a difference unknown in Canada. Motion and humidity of the air, however, must also be taken into account. Canadians regard the cold, dry, calm days of winter as among the pleasantest in all the year, and South Africans do not often complain of the heat of the uplands, unaccompanied as it is by moisture and gale. In both countries the skies overhead are clear, though in South Africa they are of a deeper blue and more frequently free of clouds along the horizon.

As regards the effect of the climate upon the health of the people, there cannot be much difference, if any. Diseases of the lungs are more prevalent in Canada, and fevers and heart diseases in South Africa. But in both countries the people upon the whole are remarkably healthy and vigorous, and instances of longevity are as frequent in one as in the other.

Still, if comfort be taken as the standard, I think decidedly that South Africa is entitled to the higher place. If all the unpleasantly hot days, unpleasantly cold days, unpleasantly wet, slushy, or snowy days, and unpleasantly windy days in both countries during a year were thrown out, there would, I am sure, be a much greater number left in South Africa than in Canada. I will add, while expressing this opinion, that I regard a clear, dry, frosty day, when a fur coat and cap are needed, with all the affection of a Canadian for that kind of weather.

The mean temperature of the following places for the whole year is as under:—

Canada.	Charlottetown, province of Prince Edward Island	40.7
	St. John	40.3
	Fredericton	39.7
	Halifax	42.5
	Montreal	42.1
	Quebec	38.6
	Ottawa	40.5
	Toronto	44.5
	Winnipeg	35.0
	Victoria	47.4
	Capetown, Cape Colony	63
	Kimberley	63
	Durban, Natal	70

CHAPTER III.

CANADA AND SOUTH AFRICA BEFORE COMING UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

One of the chief causes of Canada being in advance of South Africa at the present time is that it has been occupied longer by

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Europeans, and became part of the British empire at an earlier date.

It was in 1497 that John Cabot—a Venetian domiciled in Bristol—and his son Sebastian were commissioned by Henry VII of England to search for a western passage to China. The king had refused to assist Columbus in time of need, but as soon as the great discoverer's success was known, he felt a longing to share the gains of the enterprise. Cabot sailed westward, but instead of reaching China, he encountered an unknown land, along which he coasted a considerable distance. This was considered by Henry and his successors sufficient to give England a rightful claim to the greater part of North America, though for long years they did nothing to make their pretensions good.

In 1524 Francis I of France sent a Florentine named John Verazani on a voyage of discovery. He, like Cabot, did nothing more than sail along the coast from Cape Fear to Labrador, and touch at a few places, but his voyage was made the pretext by France for laying claim to three-fourths of the continent.

Ten years later, in 1534, Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, the first real explorer of Canada, sailed up the St. Lawrence until he could see land on both sides. Then he returned to France, taking two Indian boys with him, but in the following year he was again in the great river, with the advantage of having as interpreters the lads, who had acquired some knowledge of French. At the island of Orleans he received a warm welcome from Donakona, the chief of an Algonquin clan, whose wigwams were pitched at a place then called Stadakona, now Quebec. On the 2nd of October 1535 he reached the island upon which stands at present the first commercial city of Canada. It was then partly occupied by a Huron clan, whose principal place of residence was named Hochelaga. Behind their encampment was a hill which Cartier, who was charmed with the locality and its surroundings, named Mont Royal, the royal mountain. He remained there three days, and then dropped down the river to Stadakona, where he passed the winter. In the spring of 1536 he returned to France, repaying the kindness of the Indians by entrapping Donakona and several of his men, and taking them with him. The unfortunate victims of his treachery never again saw their native land. They all died in exile.

During the sixteenth century various attempts were made by Frenchmen to form a settlement in one part of Canada or another,

but from various causes none of them succeeded. All this time, however, fleets of fishing vessels belonging to all the maritime countries of Europe went regularly every season to the banks of Newfoundland, and the coasts of that island and of others in the gulf were occupied for months together as drying stations.

This is not so very different from the early history of South Africa. † In 1486 Bartholomeo Dias, an explorer in the service of the king of Portugal, discovered the southern extremity of the continent, and in 1497 Vasco da Gama, who was in the same service, sailed past it to India. On account of these expeditions Portugal laid claim to the country, but never attempted to colonise it. The seizure of the natives at Stadakona and their transportation by Cartier was precisely similar to what Antonio do Campo did at Delagoa Bay in 1502, when he kidnapped a number of men who had been dealing with him in a friendly manner, and carried them away in his ships. There was no other claimant than Portugal, however, until the close of the sixteenth century, and then the Dutch appeared on the scene and speedily extinguished that country's pretensions to every part of the land except the eastern coast line above St. Lucia Bay. After this, French and Dutch seal hunters occasionally occupied Table Valley and the islands in Saldanha Bay for short periods, and the English more than once set ashore parties of convicts in the Cape peninsula, but no permanent settlement was made by Europeans in South Africa before 1652.

Here Canada got a good start, for on the 3rd of July 1608 Quebec was founded by Samuel de Champlain, one of the most energetic of men. Three years earlier, in 1605, he had assisted to found Port Royal, five or six miles from the spot where Annapolis now stands, at the junction of a river with a magnificent harbour on the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy—then called la Baie Francaise. Port Royal was after a time abandoned, but was re-occupied in 1610, and

† The credit due to this explorer has, even in his own country, been eclipsed by the halo that surrounds the name of Vasco da Gama. This is in some measure due to Camoens, the great poet of Portugal, who made of Da Gama his hero. With a perversity that seems peculiar to our countrymen when dealing with foreigners, Dias has been robbed even of his name, which in most English books is given in the Spanish form, Dias. This is on the generally prevailing principle with us that one foreign word is as good as another. In the same way the island Santa Cruz has been turned into St. Croix, in utter disregard of the fact that it was discovered by Portuguese, not by Frenchmen. Many of the names of places on the South African coast have been and are now being corrupted through this spirit of indifference to whatever is not English. As instances, St. Bras has become St. Blaize, Aguilhas—a Portuguese noun—has frequently a French article put before it, and is made to appear in the absurd form of L'Aguilhas, Cape Corrientes—a most expressive name—is found on many charts printed Cape Corrientes, Recife is given as Roefice, and so with many other places on the seaboard as well as inland. Surely it would be better to turn the words into English ones at once, if it is not worth our trouble to preserve them in the language in which they were first given. Dias is as correct as Dias, and would have the advantage of being less liable to mispronunciation.

though pillaged and destroyed by Samuel Argall, of Virginia, in 1614, and on more than one occasion subsequently by other Englishmen, continued in existence for the next hundred years, with short intervals when its inhabitants were driven away. Owing to its temporary abandonment in 1607, Quebec, which would otherwise have been the second settlement in Canada in order of date, has the honour of being the oldest permanently occupied European post in that country.

Champlain was not the nominal head of the French colonists at Quebec until long after this date, but he was the life and soul of the party, and had it not been for him a successful settlement on the St. Lawrence would not then have been made. One great mistake he fell into. Hochelaga and Stadacona had shared the fate of all encampments of savages, and even tradition knew their names no more, but Algonquin clans were still in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and their lodges were pitched here and there over all the broad land eastward to the Atlantic. They were at feud with the § Iroquois, the renowned five nations, who occupied the northern part of what is now the state of New York, and they asked Champlain to assist them in a raid. Mainly for the purpose of exploring the country he consented, and by doing so brought enmity between the warlike Iroquois and the French for ever after.

Very slow was the growth of the European settlement in Canada. The English colonies farther south were apprehensive of the rise of a rival power on the continent, and did not scruple to destroy the French villages and trading stations whenever an opportunity offered. They always put forward the claim founded on Cabot's discovery.

In 1621 King James I granted the entire territory south of the lower course of the St. Lawrence and east of the river St. Croix to Sir William Alexander, who gave it the name New Scotland, or Nova Scotia, as it soon began to be termed in Great Britain. King Charles I confirmed this grant, and a number of "baronets of Nova Scotia" were created. These baronets were to send out colonists to the country, and in return were to have large areas of land and extensive feudal privileges under Sir William Alexander, but nothing practical came of the scheme.

¹ The confederated tribes were the Quonodas, the Onondas, the Cayugas, the Mohawks, and the Senecas. In 1717 the Tuscaroras entered the union, and thereafter the Iroquois were termed the Six Nations. They acted a prominent part in the history of the United States as well as of Canada, and I shall have occasion to refer to them again. It was the confederacy of the six Nations, each independent for internal purposes, but all together forming one people for defence and other general measures, to which Benjamin Franklin pointed as a model for the thirteen British colonies south of Canada to adopt at the time of the revolution.

In July 1629 Champlain was obliged to surrender Quebec to an English force under Captain Thomas Kirke. Port Royal had previously been occupied by Captain David Kirke, and in the whole country only one small stronghold, Fort Louis, at Cape Sable, was left under the French flag. The French colonists were there, but were governed by Scotch officials. In March 1632, however, a treaty was concluded between Great Britain and France, by the terms of which Canada was transferred intact to the latter power, and thereafter the names of Cabot and Verazani disappear from history.

And now for many years there was, with the exception of one important event, nothing to record but strife between different factions, efforts made by missionaries of the Society of Jesus to convert the savages to Christianity, and almost constant war between the Iroquois on one side, and the Hurons, the Algonquins, and the French colonists on the other. Several of the missionaries were captured, tortured, and put to death by the Iroquois, but their associates continued the work with undaunted zeal. The important event referred to was the foundation of Ville Marie—now Montreal—on the 17th of May 1642 by the lord of Maisonneuve and a party sent out from France by a religious association, their object being neither commerce nor colonisation, but the establishment of a hospital and schools for the propagation of the Christian faith. The position of the place was such, however, that it speedily became a centre of the profitable fur trade, and under its protection settlers cleared the forests along the banks of the St. Lawrence and thriving farms appeared.

In 1655 a party of five hundred English colonists under Colonel Sedgwick sailed from Boston and seized Port Royal and several other places in that part of the country, of which possession was kept until 1670. By the treaty of Breda in 1667, indeed, these conquests were to have been restored, but their new governors were exceedingly loth to part with them, and it was fully three years later when the French had Canada again all to themselves.

By this time it had become evident that French and English governments could not exist side by side in America. The colonists of different nationalities did not merely dislike, they positively hated each other. The Iroquois were allied with the English, and the Hurons and Algonquins with the French, and war was carried on by means of the savages when the parent countries were professedly at peace. Dreadful massacres were committed

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both sides. The Hurons were nearly exterminated by their foes, and in August 1689 a terrible slaughter of French men, women, and children took place at Lachine. On the other hand the frontier settlements of New England were exposed to attack by the allies of the French, and harrowing tales could be told of atrocities perpetrated by the Algonquins. In the country around Hudson's Bay English and French fur traders were always trying to destroy each other.

The war which broke out in 1689 between Great Britain and France gave the New Englanders an opportunity of attempting openly to blot out French dominion on the continent. They fitted out an expedition of eight hundred men, and placed it under command of Sir William Phips, who in May 1690 seized Port Royal. A little later in the same year with a larger force Phips attempted to get possession of Quebec, but found that place too strong for him, and then Port Royal was abandoned. The peace of Ryswyk in 1697 left both parties in the same position as before the war.

But hostilities soon commenced again in Europe, and in America the old scenes of pillage and slaughter were at once re-enacted. In 1710 an expedition of three thousand five hundred men, fitted out in New England and placed under command of Colonel Nicholson, seized Port Royal, which so often had been the spoil of war, and renamed the basin Annapolis, in honour of the English queen. It has never since ceased to be under the British flag, for by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 Louis XIV of France ceded to Great Britain the Hudson's Bay territory, the island of Newfoundland, and the whole of the present province of Nova Scotia except Cape Breton Island. He retained, however, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton Island, all the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and all the country west of the present province of New Brunswick. Whether the territory now known as New Brunswick was included in the cession or was retained by France was afterwards a disputed question.

But while signing away such a vast extent of territory, the French king had no intention of losing his hold upon the Atlantic seaboard of Canada. Immediately he commenced to build the strong fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island, which with its outworks cost not less than a million pounds sterling. Louisbourg became a great naval station. It commanded the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and from it expeditions could easily be sent to any part of the Atlantic coast. It was held to be

the strongest fortress in America, for its walls were of immense thickness, and on its ramparts were nearly two hundred great guns. Then French forts were erected in different parts of the present province of New Brunswick. The Indians were instigated to oppose the English, and the French colonists in the ceded country were encouraged to refuse to take an unconditional oath of allegiance to the English king.

War in Europe was renewed in 1744, and at once privateers sailed from Louisbourg to prey upon the commerce of New England, while from the same stronghold went an expedition which destroyed a British fort at Canso and then invested Annapolis—the ancient Port Royal—and nearly succeeded in taking it. The people of New England were not disposed to look calmly upon the destruction of their shipping, so they armed four thousand men, and sent them under command of Colonel William Pepperell to endeavour to wrest Louisbourg from the French. A squadron of English men-of-war accompanied the expedition and co-operated with it. The siege of the fortress, which lasted six weeks, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of Canada, when it is considered that it was conducted by raw militiamen, and that the garrison consisted of two thousand trained soldiers. But it was carried on with such skill and bravery that it ended by a capitulation of the French, and in June 1745, to the great joy of the colonists of New England, the British flag was hoisted over Louisbourg. That joy, however, was doomed to be turned to the keenest disappointment, for in 1748 by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle the fortress and the island of Cape Breton were restored to France.

Great Britain meantime had done nothing to colonise Nova Scotia, but in July 1749 Halifax, the first English settlement in Canada, was founded.

The conduct of the French residents of Nova Scotia was very unsatisfactory to the English authorities. Naturally they sympathised with the land of their ancestors, and they persistently refused to take an unqualified oath of allegiance to the king of England. Many of them were leagued with the Micmac clans of the Algonquins in open opposition to British authority whenever an opportunity offered, and they persisted in supplying Louisbourg with provisions against positive orders and while the British garrisons in the country were unable to procure as much food as was needed. Still, with all this against them, the terrible suffering that was inflicted upon them

in 1755 cannot be justified. In that year more than three thousand men, women, and children—the exact number is uncertain and some have estimated it as high as eight thousand—were seized and forcibly conveyed by sea to the different English colonies farther south, where they were scattered as widely as possible. They were not permitted to take anything with them but money and such household furniture as could be conveniently conveyed in the ships, all their cattle were confiscated, and their churches, houses, and barns were given to the flames. The halo of poetry, which Longfellow in *Evangeline* has thrown over this deplorable act, has given to it an imperishable notoriety.

The end of the long conflict which was to decide whether France or England was to frame the destiny of the northern portion of the new world was now near at hand. In 1756, after what was nothing more than a truce for eight years, war broke out again between the mighty rivals, and each despatched strong naval and military forces to contend for the great prize in America. The genius and ability of the marquis of Montcalm, the French commander-in-chief, enabled him to inflict some severe blows upon his opponents, and for a time it seemed as if the English cause was doomed to go under. The combatants bore to each other a deadly hatred, and the struggle was carried on in a more ferocious manner than is usual in European wars, through the employment of Indian allies, who committed most atrocious massacres.

The British reverses in America caused the fall of the Newcastle ministry, and Pitt succeeded to power with the firm resolve to destroy for ever the French dominion beyond the Atlantic. Strong reinforcements of troops and ships of war were sent out, able officers were appointed to command, and the English colonies were requested to coöperate with all the men they could put into the field, which they were only too ready to do. France at this time was unable to strengthen her armies in America, and Montcalm was left to his own resources. He had ten regiments of veteran troops exclusive of the garrison of Louisbourg, and he called out every man in Canada capable of bearing arms, which gave him fifteen or sixteen thousand militia.

In 1758 Louisbourg was attacked by an army of twelve thousand men, under Major-General Amherst, assisted by a fleet of thirty-seven ships of war under Admiral Boscawen. The fortress had a garrison three thousand five hundred strong, and was aided by five ships of the line and several smaller vessels.

During seven weeks a storm of shot and shell was poured in, four of the great ships were burnt and the other was cut out by night, the smaller vessels were all sunk, and at length, when four-fifths of the guns on the ramparts were dismantled, Louisbourg with its immense stores was surrendered. The soldiers and sailors were sent to England as prisoners, and the inhabitants of the island were conveyed to France.

Then Brigadier-General Wolfe, who had commanded a division of the besieging force, was directed to destroy the whole of the French settlements on the shore of the gulf from Miramichi upward and along the river St. Lawrence as far as he could, with the object of preventing supplies of any kind being sent to Montcalm and of forcing the government at Quebec to maintain the destitute inhabitants. This was the way war was conducted in the final struggle for the possession of Canada. Wolfe carried out his orders literally, and wherever his forces appeared the French villages and farmhouses were given to the flames.

In the region of the great lakes this year several successes were obtained by the English, but at Ticonderoga Lord Abercrombie met with a crushing defeat from Montcalm.

The campaign of 1759 was marked by the fall of Quebec. To Wolfe, who had shown ability of a high order at the siege of Louisbourg, the command of the expedition against that fortress-city was given. Early in June with eight thousand troops and a strong naval force he appeared before it, and found that Montcalm with thirteen thousand levies of all kinds was there to oppose him. Among those levies, however, were many mere boys, and many more were savage Indians, whose only service was to cut off stragglers from the English camps and murder and scalp them. The villages in the neighbourhood were first destroyed, and then strong batteries were built on the island of Orleans and on the lofty bank of the river at Levis, from which shells were thrown into Quebec until the whole of the lower town and a great portion of the upper lay in ruins. On the last day of July an attempt was made to storm some of the outworks, but it failed. Then the bombardment was resumed, and was continued until the 13th of September, when Wolfe and nearly five thousand soldiers stood in battle array on the plain of Abraham outside the walls of Quebec. The genius of the English general had led him to devise a plan of taking the city. During the night he had marched the best of his troops some distance up the

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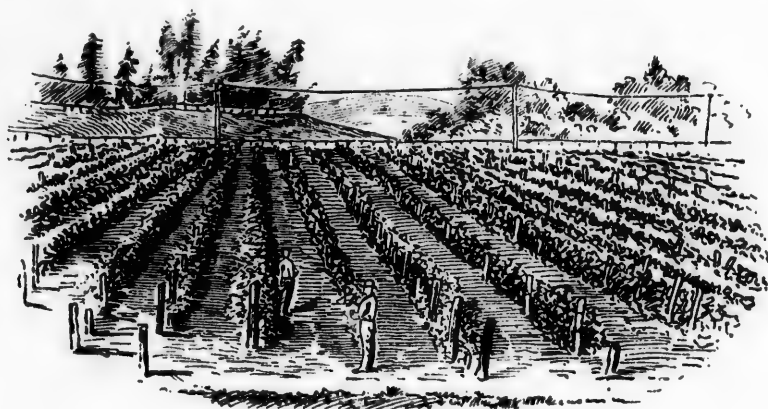
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er, and had then dropped quietly down in its to a little cove above which the bank was so steep that Montcalm thought it could not be scaled. Some Highlanders clambered first and killed the French sentries before they could give the alarm, so that the whole was managed to get up unnoticed. Montcalm would not allow the English to entrench themselves there and to cut him off from the country behind, so he went out to meet them with an army superior indeed in number, but greatly inferior in quality, as it was composed mainly of militiamen despondent and half-trained. The British stood firm, though the soldiers were falling fast, until the French were within a few yards of them, when they were fired in a deadly volley of musketry and then charged with claymore and bayonet and won the field. Both generals fell in the action. Five days later, 18th of September 1759, the French troops capitulated, and the victorious English took possession of the ruins of Quebec.

The city was besieged the following spring. General De Levi, Montcalm's successor, was not taken, and it has ever since remained under the British flag.

In other parts of Canada the English arms were also been victorious, and in the summer of 1760 nothing remained to the French but Montreal, where they made their final stand. De Vaudreuil, the last French governor, was there, and with him were some three thousand regular troops under De Levi, besides the militia. Three distinct British armies, under the generals Amherst, Haviland, and Murray, much stronger than the remnant of the French forces in Canada, marched from different points, and reached Montreal almost at the same time. De Vaudreuil was incapable of making any resistance, and on the 8th of September 1760 he signed a capitulation which placed the British in full possession of the devastated and exhausted country. His troops were sent to France, and the militia returned to their homes.

In February 1763 by the treaty of Paris the French king relinquished his claim to Canada, and kept nothing in that part of America except the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and some fishing rights on the coast of Newfoundland. Thus after an existence of one hundred and fifty-two years, from the foundation of Quebec in 1608 to the surrender of Montreal in 1760, the dominion of France passed away for ever.

When Canada became part of the British Empire its civilised inhabitants were under one hundred thousand in number. They were in

the last stage of poverty, they had been living under a purely despotic and abominably corrupt government, and they had been subject to taxes and impositions which to Englishmen seem utterly outrageous. Yet no people could be more loyal to their fatherland than they were to France. As long as there was the slightest chance of success they had borne arms for a cause against which it would seem the first duty of thinking men to revolt, and their attachment to their laws, their customs, their religion, and their language was as strong as their love of life itself.

The history of South Africa before the English flag waved there is less eventful than that of Canada.

In April 1652 Jan van Riebeeck with a small party of soldiers and labourers landed on the shore of Table Bay, in order to establish a place of refreshment for the fleets of the Dutch East India Company. His employers had no intention of founding a great colony, and he lived and died without even dreaming that any portion of the land beyond the Cape peninsula would be permanently occupied by Europeans. Five years after his arrival a few soldiers and sailors took their discharge from the East India Company's service, and became farmers in the neighbourhood of the fort, but still no one thought of growing anything beyond what was needed by the crews of calling ships.

It was believed that as many cattle as were required could be obtained in barter from the Hottentots, but from 1672 to 1676 there was war with a tribe of that race, and all trade was cut off. Then for the first time it was found necessary to establish Europeans as cattle breeders, and an expansion of the settlement began. In 1679 the village of Stellenbosch was founded, and in 1687 the fertile Drakenstein valley was occupied.

After 1688 a few French Huguenot refugees came to South Africa with other immigrants, but the growth of the colony was so slow that at the close of the seventeenth century no white man was living beyond the range of mountains that shuts in the view from Cape-town. Subsequently the expansion was more rapid, though the country was very thinly settled, for the cattle breeders required large pastures, and as a matter of course they selected only the choicest localities. The pastoral Hottentot tribes were almost swept away by small-pox, so the land was open for occupation, though the utterly savage Bushmen—until they were all but exterminated—tried to prevent its acquirement by Europeans.

In 1746 the village of Swellendam was founded, and in 1786 the village of Graaff-Reinet. By this time the colonists moving onward from the west met the advance guard of the Bantu coming in the opposite direction, and a long series of conflicts began, which have not always ended in favour of the higher race.

The Dutch colony was undisturbed by a foreign foe until 1781, when an attempt was made by Great Britain to get possession of it. The French, however, assisted Holland by sending a strong armed force to protect it, so that its loss was for the time averted.

Shortly after this event the Dutch East India Company became insolvent, and its South African dependency was reduced to a very wretched condition. Commerce almost ceased, the paper money in circulation was next to valueless, there was no sympathy between the government and the people, and, worst of all, a large body of Bantu invaders could not be driven back, because the authorities had no means even to procure ammunition. Under these circumstances the colonists at a distance from Capetown threw off their allegiance to the East India Company, and established two feeble republics with utterly unworkable constitutions.

In 1795 an English fleet appeared in Simon's Bay, and the officers on board demanded that the colony should be transferred to them in trust for the prince of Orange, who had been obliged to take refuge in England, owing to a revolution in Holland aided by the French republicans. There was no force capable of opposing them, and the principal Dutch officers were partisans of the Prince of Orange, so the government, though professing a determination to hold out to the last, offered no real resistance, and in September 1795 the country came under British rule.

A faint parallel might here be drawn between the expulsion of the French colonists from Nova Scotia in 1755 and the banishment of ten or twelve Dutch colonists from South Africa by Lord Macartney—the first English governor—and his successor, Sir George Yonge, 1797-1801, because they refused to take an unqualified oath of allegiance to the king of Great Britain, only in the latter case the number was very small, the wives and children of the offenders were not forced to

accompany them, and their property was not confiscated.*

By the terms of the treaty of Amiens, in February 1803 the Cape Colony was restored to the Dutch. It now became a national possession, and was well governed and highly prized. But soon afterwards war commenced again, and in January 1806 an overpowering British force arrived in Table Bay. General Janssens, the last Dutch governor, had a very small number of regular soldiers, and most of them were foreign mercenaries who could not be depended upon. A strong body of burghers, however, rallied to his aid, and he attempted to fight a battle at Blueberg. Victory favoured his opponents, and as a consequence the European settlement in South Africa came permanently under the British flag. It extended at that time from the Atlantic ocean eastward to the Fish and beyond the Bavians river, and from the Indian ocean northward some distance into the great plain that is drained by the Orange river.

The Cape Colony from the landing of Van Riebeeck in 1652 to the surrender of General Janssens in 1806 had been under Dutch rule—including the temporary British occupation mentioned above—one hundred and fifty-four years. When it came under the British flag it contained only twenty-six thousand European settlers, so that it was very far indeed behind Canada. These settlers were of mixed Dutch, French, and German blood, chiefly Dutch however, as no women, except a few Huguenots, had then migrated to South Africa from any other part of Europe than the Netherlands. They were intensely Protestant, whereas the Canadians were intensely Catholic. In point of secular education the two people were about equal, that is neither had very much. Neither admired English institutions, and the South Africans were strongly attached to Dutch customs and laws, to the Calvinistic section of the reformed religion, and to the Dutch language.

* The following clause in the instructions to Lord Macartney shows the power the governors possessed in this respect:—"You are hereby particularly authorised and required for the better security of the said settlement, and for the maintenance of good order within the same, to raise such troops therein, and to call out and embody such companies or corps of militia as you shall judge necessary for that purpose, and fine or imprison such persons as refuse to be enrolled and to serve. With the same view of maintaining order and good government, you are also authorised to disarm such of the inhabitants of the said settlement as are not proprietors or are not employed in any civil or military capacity, or have not your license for keeping their arms, and to remove and send away from the said settlement such persons as you shall suspect of adhering to our enemies, and all such other persons the continuance of whose residence you may have reason to imagine might be inconvenient or prejudicial to the peace, good order, or security of the said settlement."

The following lines upon the first explorer of Canada were written by the late honourable Thomas Darcy McGee, and are taken by me from an illustrated souvenir of Montreal.

JACQUES CARTIER.

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May
When the commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away.
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas.
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled many hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo, again came round the day
When the commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings of the absent ones had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent.
And many hearts were filled with gloom and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride,
In the forests of the West. While his townsmen mourned their loss
He was rearing on Mont Royal the fleurs de lys and cross,
And when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region vast, hard, ironbound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain, he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the river fast;
How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of Algonquin braves, the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height;
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed home Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

CHAPTER IV.

MONTREAL. CANADIAN AND SOUTH AFRICAN
FRUIT. HABITANS AND SOUTH AFRICAN
FARMERS. MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

MONTREAL is the commercial capital of Canada. It is four hundred and thirteen English statute miles in an almost straight line above Point De Monts, where the river pours its waters into the gulf, and so gentle is the descent of the mighty stream that it washes the banks of

the island on which the city is built only one hundred and eighty-seven feet above high water level at the sea. Here the navigation for ocean steamers ends, but small vessels have still nearly thirteen hundred miles of open way before Port Arthur at the head of Lake Superior is reached. Canals, leading by means of locks from one sheet of water to another, open the cheapest of all roads far into the depths of the continent, so that Montreal in natural advantages for commerce has few equals and no superior on the face of the earth. It is also the centre of a magnificent railway system, being connected not only with all parts of the Atlantic coast and the borders of the lakes, but with Vancouver on the distant Pacific shore. There is no place in South Africa that can be compared with it in these respects.

The city is built on an island thirty-two miles long and about ten miles wide, and has very extensive quays for shipping. Just behind it is Mount Royal, in form not unlike the Lion's hill on one side of Capetown, if the Head were taken off, but only seven hundred feet in height. There are carriage drives and walks to the top, and there is also a lift or car drawn up on rails by steam at the steepest part. From the platform on which the passenger lands on reaching the summit, or better still from a turret close by, the view is exceedingly grand. The city, with its quarter of a million inhabitants, lies below, and beyond it is the river, with St. Helen's isle in its embrace, and a fair country stretching away to the distant horizon. It is a sight of which a Canadian may well be proud. I do not think, however, that it excels in beauty, or magnificence, or variety of scenery, the view from the kloof between Table Mountain and the Lion's

Head, where the spectator has at his side a mass of rock nearly four thousand feet in height, with groves and gardens along its nether slopes, the city of Capetown below, the deep blue water of Table Bay, looking from that standpoint like an enclosed lake, beyond, then the seeming waste of the farther shore, and closing the view the Drakenstein mountain range. There are many colours to be seen from that turret on Mount Royal, and very beautiful they are to the eye; but they are not so varied as are the tints in the South African scene with which I am comparing them, where every shade of blue and grey and green appears, where the shadows in the gorges are deep black, and where often, when the south-east wind is blowing, a great snowy-white cloud rests on the mountain top and its flakes melt away as they roll over the lofty crest.

It was a lovely day at the end of October when I wandered about the top of Mount Royal. The temperature was about that of June in Capetown, cool enough to admit of plenty of outdoor exercise, but not cold enough for a pedestrian to require a great coat. The sky was clear and bright, still the evidences that autumn was advancing rapidly were visible all around. The birches and beeches and elms had put off their summer garb. The maple leaves—most gorgeous of all the vegetable creation—were mostly of a deep rich brown, but a few were still to be seen of a scarlet, and a very few of a patched magenta, green, and yellow colour.

"And there the maple leaf is seen
With tints of crimson, gold, and green;
The red for health, the gold for wealth,
The green for vigour: emblem grand
Of fair and wide Canadian land."

When Jacques Cartier saw Mount Royal, and long years afterwards, the land for an unknown distance on every side was covered with a dense primeval forest, in which the pine was the predominant tree; but that has all passed away. The groves on the mountain are of modern growth, and are maintained there because the place is one of the pleasure resorts of the people of the city. The paths and carriage drives are well kept, so that one can have a delightful ramble. At the back of the mountain, in a very beautiful position, are the cemeteries, of parts of which an excellent view can be had from several points on the top.

About seven-tenths of the inhabitants of Montreal are of French descent, and their language is heard far oftener than English as one moves about the streets. Tramways with carriages propelled by electricity run through the principal thoroughfares. There

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many noble buildings, public and private, mostly constructed of a soft-tinted grey stone, and there are several streets superior to the best in Capetown.

Montreal is a city of churches. I fancy there can be hardly a shade of religious belief that is not represented by a congregation, large or small, and that has not a place of worship. I spent but one Sunday in the city, and as I wished to hear the music of the most powerful and at the same time the sweetest toned organ in America, I attended twice at the church of Notre Dame. The interior of this building, which is two hundred and fifty-five feet long by one hundred and forty-five broad, with twin towers in front two hundred and twenty feet in height, is imposing; but the interior is incomparably grander. The church cost over two hundred thousand pounds sterling to build. The great bell—called Gros Bourdon—in one of its towers is over fourteen tons in weight, and in the other tower is a chime. The Roman Catholic cathedral—St. James's—is built on exactly the same plan as St. Peter's at Rome, but it is only half as large. The new church of the Jesuits is a still more beautiful building, and there are many others belonging to the Roman Catholic communion, among them St. Patrick's, built by Irish immigrants. The English cathedral—Christ church—is a splendid specimen of gothic architecture, and there are several Presbyterian churches not far behind it. And so of the places of worship of other religious bodies mention might be made, but it were not that the list would become so long as to be wearisome.

The McGill University, established by royal charter in 1821, is one of the institutions of Montreal. It is to the Protestants what the Laval University in Quebec is to the Roman Catholics. Colleges and schools abound. So do hospitals and charitable institutions of many kinds.

I was somewhat astonished to find that there is no public museum in the city. The Natural History Society has a small one, indeed, to which admittance is obtained on payment of ten cents, but the collection is very far behind that in the public museum in Capetown. There are only a few mammals, and hardly any reptiles. The collection is strongest in birds, which, however, are badly arranged and not classified. The labelling, which is such an important feature in a well-conducted museum, is very imperfect. A badly mounted specimen of an antelope was nearly the only genuine representative of South African animals, and as the manage-

ment was not sure whether it was a bleasbok (*damalis albifrons*) or a bontebok (*damalis pygarga*),—though the names are so significant—it was labelled either one or the other. The visitor was left free to call it which he liked. There were some genuine Bantu assagais, and some others were marked as probably from South Africa, though certainly no South African native ever made or used them. A few of the spoils of Egypt and some trifling odds and ends completed the collection, which was not what one might reasonably expect to find in a city like Montreal. The Capetown museum, when the new building is completed, will be worth a dozen of it, especially if the word probably or possibly is added to the labelling of one or two specimens that are now marked definitely.

I met with another disappointment in the public library. This institution receives no aid whatever from either the provincial government or the municipality, but owes its existence and its maintenance entirely to bequests and donations from wealthy individuals. The chief librarian, who happens to be connected by marriage with a South African family, is one of the most obliging of men. He was good enough to take down for my inspection every volume he had upon either Canada or South Africa, but there were few with which I was not already acquainted. He informed me that there were about thirty-five thousand volumes in the collection, a large proportion of which are in French. The institution is open every day—Sundays included—from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., and is not only free to visitors, but any respectable person is at liberty to take out books that can if necessary be easily replaced, upon leaving a sufficient guarantee for their return in good condition. There are no yearly subscribers. The library is in every respect considerably behind that of Capetown, except that it provides greater conveniences for recognised students. In this one particular it has the advantage, because it has plenty of space, which the Capetown library has not at present. But very shortly, when the contents of the museum wing are removed to the handsome building now being erected for their reception, that matter will doubtlessly be rectified in Capetown, for the very estimable chief librarian there has it at heart; and then the South African institution will excel not only in the number and value of its works of reference, but in all that goes to make a great collection of books of use to a community. Aided by government and the municipality with liberal grants of money,

with a large body of subscribers, and with the magnificent gift of Sir George Grey, the fine old volumes of the Dessinian collection, and the Porter and Hiddinoh donations, it is indeed, as the astronomer Herschel termed it, "the bright eye" of South Africa.

In Montreal I observed a good many persons without any recognised occupation, and upon inquiry I ascertained that there were in the city a considerable number of men either physically or through habit unfit for manual labour and without sufficient education or mental ability to make a living in any other way. Farmers in the province cannot get as many labourers as they need, domestic servants are in great demand, and yet in the city men are on the very border of pauperism. This is the case also in South Africa, where the same kind of people—fit only for inferior clerkships or other light duties—are too numerous to be absorbed. The surplus individuals of this class are a nuisance and a source of danger in both countries, though much more so in Canada than in South Africa. But it is noticeable that in neither country do these people present the wretched appearance of the waifs of Liverpool, they manage somehow to dress fairly well and keep themselves clean and tidy. In Montreal I did not see a single person in rags or otherwise wretched in appearance, but of course I cannot say there were none in the streets which I did not visit.

There was a very fine display of fruit in the markets and the produce stores, apples and cranberries being in the greatest profusion, and pears, plums, grapes, &c., in smaller quantities. The Canadian apples everywhere are esteemed the best in the world, for the climate seems specially suited to them, and much care is taken in their culture. Immense quantities are required for home consumption, and the export is also very large. Each variety has a distinctive name, and care is taken not to mix them, while further they are sorted according to size and packed separately in barrels containing two bushels and a half each. In this particular fruit South Africa could not hope to compete in the English market with Canada, if it were not that the time of harvest in the one country is the time of budding in the other, which gives the southern grower a chance. But he must produce a better apple than the one ordinarily sold in Capetown, and he must not expect an exorbitant price for it. The Canadian studies the trees and the soil, and takes care that both are kept in the best condition, he leaves nothing to chance. By budding and other means he has succeeded

in getting heavy crops of a highly flavoured fruit from quick growing trees, but the process has needed thought and labour, and it needs constant thought and labour to maintain the orchards at a high standard after they are created.

There are no pears or plums in Canada superior to the best kinds produced in South Africa, with the exception perhaps of one variety of the latter. Grapes can only be grown in the province of Ontario, and are very inferior to those of the Cape. I could not eat them at all, for they had a peculiar flavour, to which the palate must be educated. It was not the season for apricots and peaches when I was in Montreal, but I think they can be set down as better in South Africa. No variety of the orange thrives in Canada.

Upon the whole Canada excels South Africa in apples, cherries, currants, gooseberries, cranberries, blueberries, strawberries, and raspberries, is about equal in pears, plums, and blackberries, and is inferior in grapes, apricots, peaches, nectarines, and quinces. South Africa besides has pineapples, figs, oranges, lemons, nartjes, bananas, loquats, guavas, grenadillas, and love apples or Cape gooseberries, which Canada cannot produce.

The advantages at first sight seem greatly in favour of South Africa, yet in 1893 Canada exported fruit to the value of £590,504, while the Cape sent abroad only £7,223 worth. The reason of the difference is—partly at least—that in one country white men do the work, and in the other the far inferior labour of coloured men is depended upon.

But the agriculturists of South Africa are awakening to the fact that a profitable opening presents itself in the growth of fruit for exportation to England, and the great difference in the figures given in the preceding paragraph may not long be maintained. The sea passage is twice as long as from Canada, but the quick steamers of the present day have half annihilated distance. Even in the early years of this century grapes were shipped at Marseilles and months afterwards were sold in perfectly good condition in St. John, New Brunswick, so that they ought easily to be sent from Capetown to London now. My cousin first removed, Sizar Elliott, who was engaged in Mr. John V. Thurgar's auctioneering and wholesale business in St. John before 1835, when he went to Australia, in his "Fifty Years of Colonial Life," published at Melbourne in 1887, tells how it was done. He says:—"I have spoken of grapes, we received them in earthen jars sufficiently large to have each held a thief as in the story of 'Ali Baba, or

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for the men if they had had to travel
up in the same way as the grapes did;
the jars had lids sunk into the neck, and
they were run round with cement. These
grapes, although they must have been four
months old, generally arrived in capital con-
dition. They were packed in thoroughly dry
sawdust, that being all that was re-
quired to keep them. Sometimes, as we
looked up the grapes and dusted out the saw-
dust, we found a grape or two decayed, but
these were easily removed with the scissors,
the rest were fit to eat."

After I had been in Montreal a few days the
frosts began to get cold, the thermometer
some degrees below the freezing point,
and thin sheets of ice formed over still water
in exposed situations. The winter might be
said to be a month distant. In 1873 the navigation
of the St. Lawrence closed as early as the
22nd of November, but twice since it has been
open until the 2nd of January. The river
remained frozen over in 1885 until the 5th of
May, but in 1892 it was open on the 13th of
April. Thus the winter varies in length from
three months and eleven days to five months
and nine days.

I had not time to spare, or I should have
tried to go into the country north of
Montreal, to have ascertained, by personal
intercourse, what changes had come over the
habitans—that is, the French Canadians—
during the last forty years. My first desire
was to visit my relatives, and then to cross the
Atlantic to Europe, where there were many
documents in archive offices which I was
anxious to copy as soon as my health would
permit me to do so. To these purposes every-
thing else had to give way, so that I could
then only observe the condition of the
habitans in the city, and enquire into their
mode of life on the farms, but subsequently
I had an opportunity of gathering the in-
formation which I needed. I found that the
great majority of them had changed very
little, if at all. They are still the same simple,
hospitable, contented people that they have
been for the last hundred years and more, the
representatives in mind of the France of
Louis XIV, just as many South African
farmers represent the Netherlands of Boissot
and Heemskerk rather than the Holland of
today. A small minority have drifted into
the rushing tide of the present age, but these,
though their sympathies are still strong with
their countrymen, can not draw the farmers
for them. The habitans, as a body, wish to
be just as their fathers lived before them.

They dislike innovations, and there is great
difficulty in inducing them to adopt even an
improved farm implement. There is no way
of conveying new ideas to their minds, except
by example, for they do not read any other
than books of devotion, and do not care to
converse upon strange subjects.

Exactly the same thing can be said of a
great many of the secluded farmers of South
Africa, only the books of devotion are different.

A habitant will see an English farmer do
double the work with some new implement,
and will continue to use his own old one until
his priest advises him to make a change. He
has a kind of feeling that if he abandons his
customs in any particular, he may be opening
the floodgates to infidelity and loss of nation-
ality. The education which his children
receive is limited, and, as far as it goes, tends
to confirm them in these conservative ideas.
Quebec is a French province, that is, of its
population of one million five hundred
thousand souls, four-fifths are French speak-
ing, and under the constitution of the
Dominion, each province has control of its
own school system, so that a change can
hardly be expected.

In presence of either the habitans of Canada
or the remote farmers of South Africa, one
can realise how very slow what we call pro-
gress must have been in the ancient world.
Without a printing press, with hardly any-
thing beyond the merest elementary education
in schools, one generation lived just as did
the one before it.

I do not say that progress of the kind here
referred to is good or is bad. That, I take it,
depends largely upon the view which one
holds of the object of life. For what purpose
are we in this world? If the answer is to
make ourselves and those around us as happy
as possible, the Canadian habitant and the
South African farmer are right in the course
they are following. To them the agony of
doubt is unknown, as are the envy and hatred
and care born of the fierce strife to keep
afloat in the whirling stream of progress.
Perfectly safe in a Father's care, both are con-
tented with the condition in which they are,
and dread nothing more than departure from
it. But is this view of life the correct one?
No, replies some one, we are in this world for
the purpose of forming character, that can
be the only object of existence. If this be so,
progress is good, the battle of life, fought in
its stream with many a scar and many a
stunning blow, has a real meaning attached
to it, for to him that overcometh there is high
reward.

The habitant, as is natural in a country where there are practically only white men, is much more industrious than the South African farmer, who lives in presence of a coloured race. He is a first class lumberman. As a longshore fisherman he cannot be excelled. He makes a good mechanic, he is willing to work in a factory, and he plods away cheerfully in the little plot of ground which is his share of a goodly-sized ancestral estate, now cut up under the law of inheritance which treats all the children of a family alike. His wife and sisters and daughters are even more industrious than he is himself. He marries young, and usually has a large family. In his home he makes an amiable host, and the women especially are courteous to strangers as well as to acquaintances.

The habitant is a kind and obliging neighbour. No one in want applies to him in vain if he has anything to spare. His tastes are simple, and his table is very plainly spread. Fish and potatoes form a large proportion of his food. To his church he gives liberally, almost wonderfully so, if one contrasts his moderate means with the fine ecclesiastical buildings, the large staff of clergy, and the numerous charitable institutions of the country. He is strongly attached to the soil on which he was born. The great new North-West, with its vast potentialities of wealth, with the isothermal line of the city of Quebec bending far in towards the polar shore, has little attraction for him: he leaves it to be filled up by men of other tongues, so that to-day, of the hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants of Manitoba, only seven and three-tenths per cent are of his blood. If he goes into the New England states to work for a while in factories, he finds settlements of his own people who have been forced by circumstances rather than choice to live there, but he keeps steadily in view the day of his return, he associates with none but those of his own way of thinking: he may live among strangers, but he is never of them. He wishes at last to be laid at rest in the graveyard of his own parish church, where his children and grandchildren will come after service on Sundays and saints' days and lay flowers above his head, and where the old people will meet, and after kindly greetings, will talk together of bygone days, while the young and sprightly will dance in merry groups upon the sward.

Do not think that the habitant is a man to be pitied because he makes his dinner of nothing better than boiled herrings and potatoes, with a basin of milk, and only a

corn cob or a few apples for dessert, and because his clothes are of homespun and made by his wife and daughters: if one looks a little deeper, perhaps he is to be envied rather.

I have said that he is a kindly man. I well remember an occurrence of long ago that may serve as an example of his willingness to befriend the poor and distressed. It was the fall of the year in a purely agricultural locality, and every one was busy from early dawn till evening's close in getting the crops off the ground. In those days the sickle, the wooden rake, and the spade were the implements most in use in harvesting, and it was about as much as each family could do to attend to its own wants. A poor man died, leaving a widow and three little children dependent solely upon the produce of his plot of ground. What could the widow do? Father Ganyon, one of the best and most lovable of men, solved the difficulty. He told his people what they ought to do, and they did not need telling twice. And so on Sunday, as soon as the service in the great wooden church was over, the whole parish went to the widow's ground, the men with their harvesting implements and the women and girls with their sickles, and before the stars came out in the evening the crops were safe. As I look back upon the scene, the forms of those cheerful benevolent workers appear before me as if it was an event of yesterday. I can see even a heap of quaint, old-fashioned straw hats with huge erect rims—the style was brought over from Normandy nearly three centuries ago—the Sunday head-dress of the women, which they laid aside when they fastened their kerchiefs round their heads before they commenced their task.

The South African farmer differs from the Canadian habitant in being of a more roving disposition. He has very little—if any—real attachment to the soil on which his youth was spent, and is always ready to sell off and move away to a distant locality. He is rather fond of living at a distance from others, and has absolutely no graveyard associations like those of the habitant. In temperament he is colder. But he is equally hospitable, his aid is never refused to persons in distress, and in general he gives liberally to his church. Thus there are many strong resemblances between the two peoples, and yet in several particulars they are widely different.

But it can hardly be possible for this condition of things to last much longer either in Canada or South Africa. It cannot, for instance, exist permanently beside railways

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BRIDGES OVER THE ST. JOHN, CANADA.



GOURITZ RIVER BRIDGE, MOSSEL BAY.

Photo by Grubb.

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such as these are being constructed everywhere, the old order of things must in time pass away. Neither can it be maintained in towns and villages of mixed inhabitants, and in the province of Quebec the division of farms has in many parts been carried on until the owners have been compelled by sheer poverty to remove, when instead of settling on new land in the western prairies they have gone as factory hands into United States or Canadian towns, with the hope—not often realised—of being able to return with a small competency later in life. They do not change in habit, but their children, under the altered circumstances, must. The South African farmer, too, is in front of conditions which compel him either to move away to distant Mossamedes, or to adapt himself—in a small degree at least—to his new environment. Neither one nor other is wanting in brain power. They try to keep out of the whirl of life by choice, not because they are incapable of holding their own with other races, and when the day comes that they are forced to abandon their position of isolation, they will probably be found among the most active and enterprising of peoples.

At Montreal I commenced making inquiries into the working of municipal institutions in Canada, with a view of comparison with similar institutions in South Africa. I followed up these inquiries wherever I went afterwards in the maritime provinces, and the result can be given here as well as in a future chapter. Naturally in a matter of this kind one cannot speak with absolute precision, because it is hardly possible for any individual to be acquainted with the working of every town and village board in a country as large as the Cape Colony, much less in all South Africa and in Canada as well. I can merely give the general impression that I received, an impression based, however, upon a great deal of information that I was able to gather.

The subject of municipal institutions was brought home to me in a very forcible manner a couple of years ago. A scene was then enacted before the eyes of the residents of a village in which I was living, that could not fail to draw attention in any country of the world, and that was the cause of my making diligent enquiries whether anything similar had ever taken place elsewhere in South Africa.

The mayor, laying aside the dignity usually supposed to be attached to his office, was seen marking out and directing the construction of a broad side-walk and drainage works along his own property, which was in a

situation where those works could be of comparatively little use to the community, while other parts of the municipality—the business streets, for instance—which urgently needed the same attention were left neglected. The protests of ratepayers, who believed their properties were being greatly damaged by the undue width of the side-walk being constructed by the mayor along his own ground, were disregarded, and all requests for an appeal to a public meeting, or an honest and open measurement that would show whether he was encroaching on the rights of others or not, were refused. In spite of petitions and remonstrances, in spite too of the severe comments of the press upon such a course of action, the improvement of his own property was carried out by the mayor, and it was completed before his term of office ended, when, as may well be imagined, he did not seek re-election.

I suppose any spectator of a scene like this, who had an opportunity of pushing investigation, would endeavour to ascertain whether it was unique or not, for if such practices were frequent, town governments as at present existing would most certainly be doomed.

Municipal government is the school of representative institutions, and as such its purity should be carefully guarded. It differs in form from parliaments, inasmuch as it is not composed of two parties in opposition, ousting each other whenever it is in their power to do so. Party government, whatever drawbacks it may have, provides the most effective machinery that is known for exposing corruption, if it cannot prevent it; and here municipal government is wanting. Its safeguards both in Canada and South Africa are supposed to be open deliberations, an independent press, the watchfulness of ratepayers, and legal provisions that no member of a municipal board shall take part in the discussion of a project in which he is pecuniarily interested.

In both the countries of which I am writing are to be found many men incapable of doing anything mean or dishonourable, who regard a pure conscience and a good name as of inestimably greater value than gold, and who desire to leave their sons a nobler legacy than houses and lands. Every pure-minded person in South Africa esteems the memory of such men as the late Sir John Molteno, Mr. Charles Fairbridge, Mr. Robert Godlonton, Mr. Saul Solomon, President Brand, Mr. John Samuel, and other well-known colonists whom God had so highly gifted that they could not do a disreputable

act. If all men were as these there would never be complaints of corruption in municipal government.

But unfortunately all are not as these, and neither in South Africa nor in Canada is it possible for the very best men at all times to take part in the government of the towns in which they live. Others are honest and straightforward enough in general business, but their nerves of sensitiveness are less delicately strung. And then there are everywhere to be found men of base and sordid minds, ready to cast honour and principle to the wind if only they can increase their wealth without bringing themselves within the meshes of the law. A few—it is well one can say only a few—are so completely without a sense of shame that they disregard publicity, and seem to consider that if they can but make money, no matter by what means, they are doing something clever and creditable. These are the men who bring town governments into disrepute, as they would bring anything else defiled by their contact.

In Canada as well as in South Africa complaints are frequently made against the members of municipal boards for doing things which they ought not to do and leaving undone things which they ought to do, but this proves incapacity rather than dishonesty. Then men are often elected by a majority purposely to do something that is displeasing to a minority, and in such cases complaints may be loudly heard without there being any just cause for them.

But in Canada, and more especially in Montreal, though every one asserted that no such violation of public decency as in our South African case had ever been known, I heard many tales of councillors being secret contractors for municipal work, of their bestowing favours on their friends, and other corrupt practices. I was informed, on what I have every reason to believe was reliable authority, that in various respects some of the town governments are so far from being pure that there is almost open war between a section of the people striving for honest elections and honest administration and another section—often a majority—striving for nothing but pelf. It is true that petty matters there as elsewhere can be magnified into grave ones, and possibly a good deal that I heard may have been somewhat exaggerated; but after making a very large allowance, enough and more than enough remained to convince me that South Africa is far in front of Canada in comparative purity of municipal institutions.

In the first named country, with the single exception of the wretched case already described, there has been no open disregard of public morality, nor has any municipal board laid itself open to the charge of corruption in money matters, though as much cannot be said in the matter of favouring friends. The country can claim with justice to be fairly pure. Even in the one case, which it would be wrong to attempt to ignore, the act was of an individual, and immediately upon his leaving office an honourable order of proceeding was restored by the council. The past could not be recalled, the stain remained, but an honest effort was made to minimise as much as possible the damage that had been done. I think, therefore, that this case should not be allowed to weigh much in a general estimate of South African municipal government, and that the conclusion I have come to with respect to the comparative condition of the two countries need not be disturbed by it.

CHAPTER V.

CANADIAN AND SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS.—COMPARISON OF RIVER FISH.—JOURNEY FROM MONTREAL TO MONCTON.—ADVANTAGES OF CONFEDERATION.—CAUCASIANS AND BANTU IN SOUTH AFRICA.—WANT OF A NAME.

From Montreal I travelled by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Moncton in New-Brunswick, a distance of five hundred and sixty-eight miles, or nearly twenty hours in time. The train crosses the river St. Lawrence by a steel cantilever bridge at Lachine, eight or nine miles above the famous Victoria bridge at Montreal. The Victoria bridge is nearly a mile and a half long, and was built for the passage of the Grand Trunk railway to Portland in the State of Maine. The cantilever bridge of the Canadian Pacific railway is about a mile long, each of its channel spans is four hundred and eight feet wide, and the roadway is high enough to allow of the passage of large steamers below. It was commenced in 1886 and completed in 1887. I only had a glimpse of it by starlight, for it was twenty minutes to nine in the evening when the train left Montreal.

The Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Intercolonial, and nearly all the other railways in Canada have a gauge of four feet eight and a half inches, and the carriages are much broader and loftier than those in use on the South African lines, where the gauge is only

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three feet six inches. The advantages of the broad gauge are very considerable in point of speed and in comfort to travellers, but the expense of construction is of course greater.

The Canadian passenger carriages are single saloons, with a passage down the centre and fifteen reversible seats on each side. Each seat accommodates two individuals, so that a carriage when full has sixty persons in it. At one end is a lavatory for males, and at the other one for females, a convenience which enables journeys of any length to be made without the discomfort that attends travelling in carriages in small compartments such as those in use in South Africa. Then there is greater freedom from annoyance in the Canadian carriages. How often is it not the case in South Africa that some thoughtless or indifferent individual, knowing that he is not under official inspection, conducts himself so as to be a nuisance to the other occupants of the compartment? Take smoking for instance, about which a good deal has been heard. In Canada a conductor walks up and down the central passage, and the greatest order is observed. It is the difference between society with a police and society without. Ladies, too, have a feeling of security in travelling that they cannot have in the small compartments, and at the same time there is as much privacy in being one among sixty as in being one among eight. The checking of tickets is also greatly simplified, and fraud on short journeys is prevented to a greater extent than in South Africa, though I heard of instances of conductors themselves not being above suspicion.

There are night carriages with sleeping berths, for the use of which an extra charge is made, but on a short journey there is very little hardship in sleeping in the lounges used by day. There are only two classes of carriage, whereas the mixed population of South Africa makes it necessary to have three. Meals are served to order in the trains in both countries, but a special feature of the Canadian railway is the vendor of newspapers, novels, fruit, and sweetmeats. The carriages are warmed in winter by means of hot air or steam pipes. I found them rather too warm to be comfortable, but long residence in Africa had made me much less sensible to cold than those who had never been abroad, as is invariably the case with people born in the north of Europe or America who return home from hot climates.

I can see but one advantage in the compartment system, and that is greater facility

of ingress and egress. But the Canadian trains do not need to stop longer at stations than the South African trains, for the conductors announce the places about a minute before they are reached, so that any one leaving can be in readiness, and the passengers usually move quickly. The narrow carriages of South Africa, however, would not admit of a central passage and a seat for two persons on each side, though perhaps it might answer to have single saloons with a passage on one side half the length, and on the other side the remaining distance, with rows of seats for three, as in some of the compartment carriages now in use, or better still, single seats on one side and double seats on the other.

The platforms of the stations in Canada are much less convenient than in South Africa, as they are low, and it is necessary to go up and down steps to get in and out of the carriages. This is no small matter when there is a crowd of passengers, and it must considerably increase the risk of accidents. The plan of having the platforms on a level with the floors of the carriages, as in South Africa, seems to me to be very much better.

The fares are much lower on the Canadian lines, and in addition to the ordinary tickets as in South Africa, mileage tickets can be obtained. For instance, a man can get a ticket to travel a thousand miles. He makes a journey of seventy-five miles, when the conductor stamps out figures on the ticket amounting to seventy-five, leaving the other nine hundred and twenty-five for him to use on future occasions.

The first railway in Canada was opened for use in 1836. At the close of 1893 there were over fifteen thousand miles open for traffic, of which nearly thirteen thousand miles have been constructed since the confederation of the different provinces in 1867. The principal systems are the Canadian Pacific, 5,785 miles, the Grand Trunk, 3,168 miles, and the Intercolonial, 1,384 miles, these figures including the branches of each line. Besides these, there are from seventy to eighty railways in different parts of the Dominion, constructed by companies for local purposes. The Intercolonial line was built by the Dominion government, the others by companies subsidised by the Dominion or Provincial governments.

In this respect there is a great difference of opinion between the people of Canada and those of South Africa. The Canadians, after a vast amount of consideration and discussion, came to the conclusion that the construction

of railways by the government would place too much power and patronage in the hands of any ministry, and with all the disadvantages of a complicated and often conflicting series of lines owned and managed by companies clearly before their eyes, they chose this system, and submitted to taxation for the payment of large subsidies, as the smaller evil of the two. A considerable mileage of railway constructed and owned by the government west of the St. Lawrence was transferred to the Canadian Pacific Company by the deliberate choice of the people, and there was even a strong party—though a minority—in favour of transferring in the same way the Intercolonial line, which was constructed for military as well as commercial purposes by the Dominion government as one of the conditions of the confederation of the provinces.

That the object in view was attained when the Canadian Pacific railway was built by a heavily subsidised company cannot, I feel sure, be asserted. The influence of this company upon the government and the politics of the country is enormous, and I am inclined to think there is fully as much danger to be apprehended from this source as from any patronage which the government would have had if the railway had been constructed by it. That, however, is only opinion, and I found few Canadians who did not take a more hopeful view of the matter. In a very few years, they said, the prairie country will be so thickly peopled that the Canadian Pacific railway will certainly pay well, and then all the anxiety that now exists to support it will be gone; the influence of the company simply as a powerful corporation employing a great number of persons need not be feared, for there are numerous balances.

In British South Africa, with exceptions so trifling as hardly to need notice, the railways have been constructed by the governments, and neither in the Cape Colony nor in Natal is there the slightest alarm caused by abuse of power or patronage, for, as a rule, nothing of the kind exists. The advantages of having all the lines in each colony under the same control, and worked for the benefit of the community at large, are appreciated, and rivalry of a harmful kind is limited to that between the systems of the different states.

The average cost of the Canadian railways per mile was £11,860, the gross receipts are about six per cent of the cost of construction, and the cost of working and maintenance amounts to about seventy per cent of the gross receipts. This leaves only one and four-

fifths per cent to meet the interest on the capital, so that the lines, as a whole, are very far from being good pecuniary investments. It is only in a few of the short lines that the shareholders have no reason to complain. Still there is something to be said on the other side. In the average given above the Intercolonial line, which belongs to the Dominion government, is included, and its receipts do not cover its working expenses, so that the returns for the others are higher than one and four-fifths per cent. Then nearly twenty-two per cent of the capital required for construction consisted of subsidies from the Dominion and Provincial governments and from municipalities, leaving the returns on the whole to be distributed among seventy-eight hundredths of the contributors. Add to this the increased value of the enormous land grants to the Canadian Pacific and some other companies, which were estimated when made at a dollar (4s. 2d.) an acre, and which the companies are now selling at fully four times that amount on an average. With all this, however, the ordinary shares of the Canadian Pacific, and especially of the Grand Trunk, are far below par, for the interest on money borrowed under mortgage has to be met before any dividends can be made.

There can be little question about the Canadian Pacific line being a tremendous weight upon the country. It was an enormously large undertaking for Canada in her present condition, and it has not drawn the trade between Eastern Asia and Western Europe that was anticipated when it was constructed, though the shortest route is across the American continent, and it has a considerable advantage in respect of distance over the United States line. The Company has steamers of the first class plying between Vancouver and ports in Japan and China, but so trifling is the trade that one leaves the terminus only every four weeks. As matters stand, if the railway yields a profit the shareholders get it, but if there is a loss the country bears it. The line must be kept working. Accordingly everything possible is done by the government to bolster it up, and its interests are allowed to take precedence of all else in the country.

Apart from this, the lines have been of immense service. Indeed it is not too much to say that the rich province of Ontario would not be half as wealthy as it is at present and the wide prairie lands would not be occupied at all, if it were not for them. The Canadian Pacific line is also held to be advantageous for military purposes, and it is a strong tie

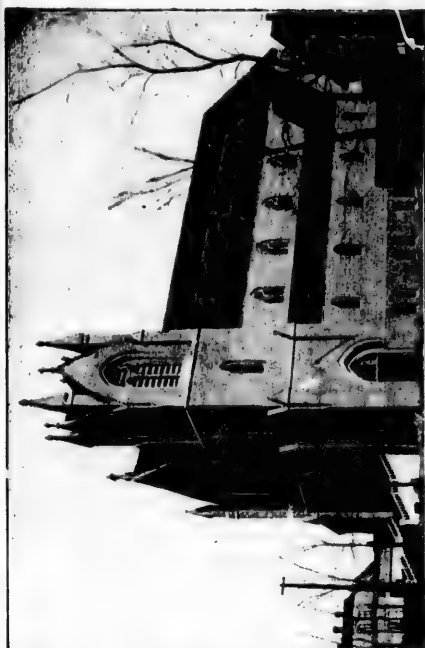
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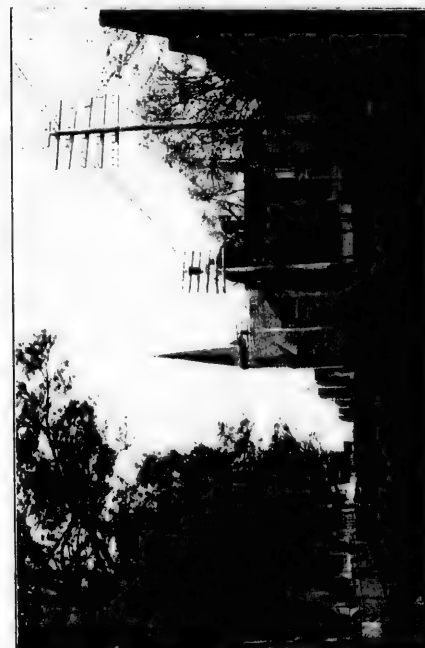
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binding the provinces together. While I was in Montreal the steamer *Numidian* arrived from Liverpool with British troops, who were proceeding in this way to Hong Kong.

For South Africa the returns of the Cape and Natal government railways only are available. At the close of 1893 there were of the first of these two thousand two hundred and fifty miles open for traffic, constructed at an average cost of a little less than £9,000 per mile. The gross receipts were equal to twelve and four-tenths per cent of the cost of construction, and the cost of working and maintenance was fifty-seven and four-tenths of the receipts, so that these railways returned a little over five per cent interest upon the capital invested, which compares most favourably with the Canadian accounts.

The Natal government lines are three hundred and ninety-nine miles in length, and cost £16,738 per mile for construction. The gross receipts were equal to nearly seven per cent of the capital invested, and the cost of working and maintenance was sixty-three per cent of the gross receipts, leaving a little over two and a half per cent of the expenditure towards defraying the interest. This, though much below the returns in the Cape Colony, is considerably better than the Canadian returns, and there can be no doubt that as the Natal lines are farther advanced they will produce more revenue per mile, though their heavy gradients may prevent them from competing successfully with the Cape Colonial lines for the gold-fields traffic.

The question of gradients, I understand, is a very important one. I was informed in Canada that a long detour is considered preferable to a steep gradient, that in fact the gradient of a line is to be reckoned as the gradient of the steepest part of it, just as the speed of a fleet of war is the speed of the slowest sailing ship in it. The rule in the case of railways, however, only holds good up to a certain distance or length of line.

The other South African railways are the Netherland Company's line from Delagoa Bay to Johannesburg, with its branches, the Ponteville-Chimoio-line, the Port Nolloth-Cokiep line, the Grahamstown-Kowie line, the Worcester-Ashton line, and the Capetown-Sw Point line, of none of which have I the requisite data to form a comparison.

When I awoke the next morning after leaving Montreal, the train was passing along a chain of lakes in the State of Maine. The short line, as it is termed, between Montreal and St. John runs almost in a straight line east, and passes for a portion of the

distance through United States territory, which here intrudes like a wedge between the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick. There is an alternative route, entirely on British soil, namely down the left bank of the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and then from Levis on the other side of the river by the Inter-colonial line; but it is much longer. The lake scenery is pretty even in autumn, and in summer it must be charming. In winter these great sheets of water are covered with ice, over which skaters glide from bank to bank, and the hills and valleys around them are all white with snow.

Some of the passengers were talking enthusiastically of the trout fishing in this part of the country, indeed I was told by one who professed to have thrown flies over half the streams in the continent that it is even better than in some waters I loved to visit for that purpose when I was a boy; but I have a doubt about that, if quality and not mere quantity be the test. I once knew a sheet of water easily reached by foot from St. John, and if the trout in it now are worthy descendants of those that were there nearly half a century ago, it would be difficult, I think, to find any to surpass them. There are plenty of these fish in all the lakes, I have no doubt, but the trout that frequent running streams are much the finer.

South African streams are poorly supplied with fish compared with the rivers of Canada. There are huge barbels and great yellow-fish in the inland waters, and eels in the streams that flow into the Indian ocean, but beyond these and the little gillimintjes there is nothing. The barbels and the yellow-fish are eaten for want of something better, but they are poor substitutes for the salmon and trout and perch, to say nothing of other species which abound in the Dominion streams. It is much to be hoped that the attempt now being made to acclimatise the trout in South Africa will be successful. Mr. Maclean, who is an enthusiast in the matter, informs me that there is no doubt about it, and he certainly has some magnificent three-year-olds to show as specimens. But whether the fish will thrive permanently in water as warm as that of South African streams has yet to be proved. The other difficulty—that of freshets—is less to be feared, for the trout are able to withstand the tremendous rush of water to the sea when the ice and snow melt suddenly in the Canadian spring.

As we steamed onward, saw-mills and stacks of lumber were frequently in sight, as were also villages, large and small, all built of

wood. At Vanceboro, on the river St. Croix, the train entered the province of New Brunswick. Continuing through scenery that may be called pretty, but cannot be termed grand, the right bank of the St. John was reached not many miles from the sea, for the river and the railway run at a right angle, and of course the majestic views which have given the St. John the title of the Rhine of America are lost to the traveller by train. Not altogether though, for even in those few miles there is something worth seeing. A stream so broad as to look like a lake, with farms and villages and forests intermingled on its shores, with deep bays where the lumbermen ply their craft, and with the tributary of the Kenabeekasis flowing in from the opposite side: one might be satisfied to look on a picture like that. And then the broad river, suddenly narrowing to only five hundred feet, passes through a gigantic cleft in a barrier of rock, and expands with a curve into a harbour below.

There is something in that cleft that is worth seeing too. Spanning it are two splendid bridges: the one higher up a cantilever bridge, by means of which the Canadian Pacific railway crosses the river, the other a suspension bridge, over which the ordinary traffic passes between the city of St. John on the western and Carleton on the eastern bank. Standing on the suspension bridge and looking into the chasm below, one sees four times in every twenty-four hours a ribbon of water smooth as glass, with river steamers and barges and sailing craft passing up and down. Twice in every twenty-four hours one sees a rushing, surging mass of water, which no vessel ever built could stem for a moment, forcing its way down to the sea. And again twice in every twenty-four hours the scene changes. The boiling, eddying, seething stream is there, but it is now whirling in just the opposite direction. The cause is this. The tides on the lower Canadian coast have a rise and fall of about thirty feet—(mark, please, the provision of the Great Architect for keeping the harbours of Halifax and St. John open throughout the winter),—and the level of the river is the mean between high and low water. At high tide, consequently, there is a fall of fifteen feet in that short gorge in one direction, and at low tide a fall of fifteen feet in the other, while at half tides there is no current in either direction. There are some scenes that never pall upon the eye, no matter how often one gazes upon them. The lordly, thought-inspiring view of Table Mountain from Rondebosch in the Cape

peninsula is one. The gorge of the St. John in Canada, though of a totally different character, is another.

I have never been able to ascertain with certainty who it was that first named the remarkable cleft through which the Umzimvubu river pours its waters into the Indian ocean the Gates of St. John. Was it perhaps some Canadian who had seen how the Rhine of America meets the sea, and who thought its nearest counterpart in South Africa worthy of the same name? If not, the coincidence is somewhat remarkable.

At St. John the Canadian Pacific Company's roadway ends. The original idea was that its western terminus should be Montreal, leaving the Intercolonial to meet the requirements of the country east of the St. Lawrence, and the short line through the State of Maine was quite an afterthought. But having got to St. John it was certainly necessary to go on to Halifax, and so running powers for its trains were obtained on the Intercolonial line.

From the carriage windows I could see nothing to bring home to me that I was in my native city. Everything wore a strange aspect. The river was not in view, and as I ascertained afterwards, the railway station was built on a site that was a sheet of water—known as Hersey's Pond—when I had seen it last. I was glad that the train did not remain long, for a feeling of bewilderment is anything but pleasant. In a few minutes we were steaming away again, now in a north-easterly direction, at no great distance from the shore of the Bay of Fundy. The country here is in general tame in appearance, though picturesque situations are not wanting. It is divided into small farms, and villages of no great size are scattered at distant intervals along the line. It was almost dark when Moncton was reached. I stepped out of the train, presented my counters at the van, and received my luggage. A good many others were doing the same, and some passengers were going on board, so that there was the usual bustle of a railway station on such an occasion. I did not notice a group walking along the platform, wistfully examining the disembarking travellers, until I heard a lady in it saying, "This is African," as she noticed a kaross with my luggage, and a gentleman stepped forward and addressed me by name. Then I was again among my kindred.

Having now arrived at the place which was to be my home for several weeks, and from which I made excursions in different directions to localities I had known long ago, I shall relate some of the impressions made upon me

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In the olden days, when the provinces were
separate and not always over friendly towards
each other, the minds of the people were con-
tacted, and their political views were often
extremely small. The county elections used
to turn upon the most trivial things. Con-
sideration into one Dominion has had a sur-
prising effect upon the inhabitants of the
country, inasmuch as it has enlarged their
views, and given them subjects to think of
that never entered their brains before.

Materially too the confederation of the
provinces has had a most beneficial effect.
Without it large public works could not
have been undertaken, without it men
could be pulling in different directions
against each other, with it all try to-
gether for the common welfare. There are
parties indeed, two great parties of which I
shall have somewhat to say in another chapter,
but both are striving for the progress of one
common country. There are not twenty little
kingdoms in a few disjointed provinces.

It is in very truth an enormous advantage
which Canada possesses over South Africa, in
having but one government over nearly the
whole country, though each province has the
control of purely local affairs. Excepting
Alaska in the north-west, which belongs to
the United States, the little islets of St. Pierre
and Miquelon below Newfoundland, which
belong to France, and the island of New-
foundland, with a little strip of the Labrador
coast, which is a separate British colony,
every inch of ground between the outer-
most Atlantic shore and the farthest Pacific
coast is subject to the Dominion government,
and every individual in that wide expanse of
territory has interests in common with every
other.

Far different is it in South Africa. There
are the Cape Colony and Natal, each under
the British flag and each with responsible
government but with hardly an idea in
common. There is British Bechuanaland,
ruled by the crown without representative
institutions, a territory, however, which it is
hoped will soon be annexed to the Cape Colony.
There is the British Protectorate, in which
white people are governed by the crown of
England and black people are subject to native
chiefs. There is the Chartered Company's
territory, with an administration of its own.
There is Basutoland, in which European
officials appointed by the crown of England
are trying to exert some moral influence, but
where a native chief is the real authority.

There is the Orange Free State, a well governed
republic, in full accord with all that tends to
the advancement of the country as a whole.
There is the Transvaal or South African
Republic, in a state of almost complete isola-
tion as far as regards its government. There
is the German Protectorate, with a distinct
policy of its own, regardless of the remainder
of South Africa. There is the Portuguese
territory, hardly ruled at all, with native tribes
in it practically independent. To make a
really great country, all of these states and
territories—or at least most of them—must be
brought under one government for general
purposes, but when and how can this be done?
Who can say?

This anyone can observe, with that far seeing
governor Sir George Grey, that the European
race has no guarantee of being permanently
on South African, as it is on Canadian soil.
Look around and reflect. Great as the increase
of white people has been of late years, the
increase of the blacks has been enormously
greater. Look at the districts of Alexandria,
Bathurst, Albany, and all to the eastward in
the Cape Colony, look at Zoutpansberg in the
Transvaal, at Natal, and at a dozen other
localities, and think where will the white man
find himself a century hence if there is not a
very large immigration. Swept away—at
least from the open country—by the sheer
passive force of the amazingly prolific Bantu
people. If a leader of influence were to arise
among them even to-day and teach them their
strength and how to use it for their own ends,
there are many districts in South Africa in
which such land difficulties as have already
been experienced to a slight extent would be
felt in a tenfold aggravated form. How will
it be when the Bantu are three or four times
as numerous as they are now? Let it be
remembered that there is nothing to check
their increase anywhere since the destruction
of the Matabele power, and that in most
instances the extension of European rule does
not mean an extension of European settlement.
Surely Africa south of the Zambesi needs one
strong government, with one system of treat-
ing the unprogressive portion of its inhabi-
tants, and with one determined will to
maintain the supremacy of Caucasian civilisa-
tion. And yet there are no fewer than ten
distinct governments in it.

A noticeable advantage that Canada has,
though of course only a trivial one compared
with the foregoing, is in her name. Every
one living on her soil is a Canadian, he is
proud of being one, and is ready to rally at
the sound. A short, expressive, euphonious

word is sadly needed to signify every European or individual of European descent living in Africa south of the Zambesi. Afrikander has been tried, but it never has been, and never will be, generally accepted. It is not sufficiently distinctive, and besides the corresponding word for the country—Afrikanderland—is clumsy and ill sounding to the last degree. Canada, Canadian; Australia, Australian; he will be a public benefactor who can invent corresponding suitable words for the South African land and its civilised inhabitants.

CHAPTER VI.

MONCTON. PUBLIC LIBRARIES. COMPARATIVE COST OF LIVING IN CANADA AND SOUTH AFRICA. POLITICAL PARTIES. PROTECTION VERSUS FREE TRADE. PUBLIC DEBTS. EXPORT OF FARM PRODUCE.



The town of Moncton is situated on the left bank of the Petitcodiac river, where it makes a sharp turn about thirty-eight or forty miles above its mouth. The stream, which is here nearly five hundred yards wide, is navigable for large vessels upward from the bay of Fundy. The rush of the incoming tide, especially at full and new moon, is often a pretty sight, as crested waves three or four feet high spread over the placid water of the river. Otherwise the Petitcodiac, flowing through a comparatively flat country, with its muddy banks fringed with marsh lands, has no pretensions to beauty.

I had passed through Moncton—then usually called The Bend of the Petitcodiac—several times when I was a schoolboy, but in those days it was a mere hamlet, with no other industries than agriculture and shipbuilding. At that time many wooden vessels, some of large size, were built every year in the maritime provinces of Canada, and sent to England for sale. I have seen several of the famous clipper ships that sailed between England and Australia in the years of the gold rush launched on the St. John. That industry has now almost

disappeared, as iron has taken the place of wood, and the only vessels built in Canada at present are coasters and fishing craft of small burden.

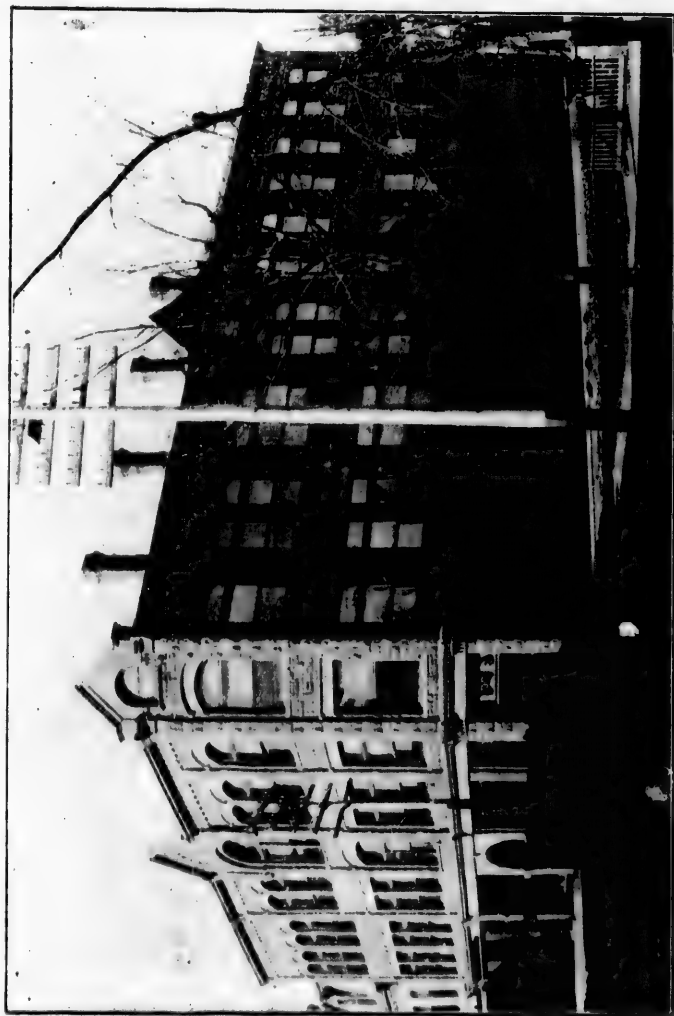
Moncton in 1895 is a town of about eight thousand inhabitants. It contains workshops of the intercolonial railway, a sugar refinery, a cotton factory, a blanket and woollen cloth factory, a plough and stove foundry, two door and sash factories, and a large mill for grinding maize. To a considerable extent it owes its existence to the protective tariff under which the manufacturing industry of the country was built up, a statement which applies to a great many towns in Canada. A few of the largest buildings in it are of stone or brick, but the dwelling-houses and all the churches except two are of wood. The houses in general are neat, many of them being tastefully ornamented and painted. Some are warmed in winter by means of furnaces and hot air pipes, others by means of self-regulating stoves, in which the fuel needs to be replenished only once in twenty-four hours. There is an aspect of moderate prosperity about the town, and its inhabitants enjoy their full share of comfort. The photographs of several of its streets will convey a more faithful impression of what a Canadian town is like than a selection of notable buildings in various places would do, and therefore they are given in this and other chapters.

There are in Moncton a variety of churches, namely one Roman Catholic, one Anglican, one Reformed Episcopal, one Presbyterian, two Wesleyan, and two Baptist. The last named is the strongest denomination in point of number. The Young Men's Christian Association has a fine building, there is a fairly good opera house, and there is also a hall where concerts, lectures, or assemblages of any kind can take place. But there is neither a public library nor a museum. The government appears to act on the principle that no education is needed after leaving school. It must not be inferred from the absence of public libraries in the smaller Canadian towns, however, that the people are not given to reading, for in point of fact that is not the case. I believe they buy far more books than South Africans do. But they read at home, and seem content to be without the great advantages which a good public library affords. Perhaps the climate has something to do with this. The long winter evenings, by many regarded as the most enjoyable part of the year, are home's own hours in Canada, and then is the time for the studiously disposed to make companions of books.

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There is no season in South Africa to correspond with this. From the beginning to the end of the year people go from home whenever they will, and so the government wisely tries to direct them to reading rooms. It contributes as much as is raised in any locality towards the establishment and maintenance of a public library, thus there is not a village of any note in the country without a collection of works of reference free for use by every one, though in many cases the collection is very limited, and in all cases the greater number of the shelves are occupied by books of fiction. In this respect South Africa is far in advance of Canada. I am writing from the point of view of the people at large, from an author's point of view the Canadian system may be the best, as where public libraries exist a single copy of a work suffices for all the people of a town.

Salaries in Moncton, as indeed generally in Canada, are smaller than in South Africa, and the wages of artisans are a trifle less, but domestic labourers, when they can be obtained at all, command as good pay as Europeans of the same class in Capetown. The expense of living is considerably less. House rent in Moncton is from one-third to one-half what it is in the Cape peninsula, owing chiefly to the small cost of wooden buildings as compared with stone and brick. Clothing taken all round is perhaps five to ten per cent cheaper. Fuel and provisions are also in general lower in price, as the following comparative list will show.

	In Moncton.	In Capetown.
Flour, per 100 lbs.	5/5 to 10/5	10/- to 18/-
Beef and Mutton, per lb.	2½d. to 6d.	5d. to 9d.
Hams, per lb.	6d. to 8d.	1/- to 1¼
Ducks and Hens, each	10d. to 1/3	1/1 to 3/-
Geese, each	1/9 to 2/6	2/9 to 4/-
Eggs, per dozen	5d. to 1/-	1/- to 2/6
Butter, per lb.	9d. to 11d.	1/- to 2/-
Cheese, per lb.	6d. to 9d.	1/- to 1/6
Potatoes, per bushel	1/3 to 2/-	1/8 to 4/6
Onions, per bushel	2/- to 3/-	2/3 to 4/-
Other vegetables...	about the same in both places.	
Fish	about half as dear in Moncton as in Capetown.	
Apples, per bushel	2/1 to 5/4	fully double.
Oysters, per bushel	3/4 to 5/-	rarely obtainable.
Coal, per ton	12/6 to 25/-	45/- to 60/-
Firewood	about one-third as dear in Moncton as in Capetown.	

I do not think there is much difference in the style of living in Canadian and South African towns, for Europeans everywhere are much alike in this respect. Take Kingwilliamstown, for instance, its social life is about the same as the social life in Moncton, except that domestic labour being rarely pro-

curable in the last named place people of every calling are obliged to do many things for themselves, which in Kingwilliamstown are done by coloured servants. But no one seems put about by this, for all—the wealthiest as well as those of moderate means—are accustomed to it, and to be busy is more respectable than to be idle. If the last clause does not apply with equal force to white people in South Africa, it is because of the different condition of things which the presence of the coloured population has brought about.

While I was in Moncton some of the leaders of the two political parties came there on a stumping tour, that is getting together meetings, making speeches, and receiving promises of support. The representatives of the party in power came first, and were followed a couple of weeks later by their opponents. There is a sharp line of cleavage between them, the line between protection of home industries and free trade, and there are several other differences, but all more or less connected with this great question.

The liberal-conservative or tory speakers at the public meeting in Moncton were the honourable N. Clarke Wallace, controller of customs, the honourable Joseph Alderic Ouimet, minister of public works, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, minister of marine and fisheries, the honourable P. E. le Blanc, speaker of the Quebec provincial legislature, Mr. Joseph G. H. Bergeron, deputy speaker of the house of commons, and Mr. Josiah Wood, member of the house of commons for the county of Westmorland. The opera house was decorated for the occasion, and a great scroll above the platform announced that the effects of the liberal-conservative administration were that Canadian securities were selling at four to four and a half per cent premium.

I was invited to take a seat on the platform, but felt that it would be out of place for me to do so, and therefore declined. I occupied a very good position, however, for hearing all that was said. Some of the speakers were eloquent, but not more so than several of the public men of South Africa, and one at least was almost intolerably dull. Perhaps Sir Hibbert Tupper was the most fluent in tongue of them all, and he was certainly very well received, but to my mind his address was spoiled by the tone of his remarks concerning his opponents, which can only be described as abusive. Some of the speeches were in French. To my shame I must confess that I, who ought to be almost as conversant with that language as with English, was unable to follow these speakers entirely. I have become so

thoroughly a South African that Dutch is with me the next most familiar tongue to my own, and I can barely read a French book. So I sat there realising to its fullest extent the fact that I had lost my Canadian nationality, and just picking up sufficient of the speeches to know that they were similar to those given in English.

The stock arguments in favour of a policy of protection of manufactures were used, and it was claimed by the speakers that Canada had made immense strides in population and in wealth under a tariff that keeps out articles which can be made in the country. They maintained that with free trade such progress would have been impossible. They pointed to England, and asked if free trade in provisions had not ruined her agriculture, while they discreetly avoided any reference to her manufactures and the necessity for cheap food if these are to be kept in existence. They wanted to build up a great nation, they said, a nation which would be part of the mighty people living under the British sovereign and the British flag, but still in itself strong and self-contained. With protection factories could exist all over the land, and if the farmers had to pay a trifle more for home-made than for imported duty free clothing, they were amply compensated by the markets for their produce which were created at their very doors by the high tariff. "The National Policy" was their motto, they declared, and they dwelt upon its advantages and overlooked all its dangers.

They admitted free of duty, they said, every description of raw article needed for manufacturing purposes which could either not be produced at all or in insufficient quantities in Canada, such as cotton, indiarubber, wool, and unrefined sugar, and such articles of general use as tea and coffee, the products of a warmer climate. If therefore an average was drawn, it would be found that their customs duties were in reality very little higher than those levied merely for revenue purposes by the grit government, which was in power from November 1873 to October 1878. They claimed that by their policy of protecting home industries the number of men employed in manufactures in the Dominion was increased in ten years by one hundred and twenty-seven thousand.

They had carried out vast public works too, and that without increasing the public debt in anything near the proportion that the grits had increased it. In the five years that their opponents were in power more than eight million pounds sterling was added to the debt, and what was there to show for that large

amount of money? They, the liberal-conservatives, on the other hand, had in the last year alone constructed public works to the value of three and a half million pounds sterling. And they had not effected this either by means of excessive taxation, they had done it simply by avoiding useless expenditure of all kinds, and seeing that for every dollar laid out in any way a dollar's worth was received. The public debt was at present £51,250,000: what would it not have been if the grits had been in office since 1878?

Between the date of this meeting and that of the liberals, which took place just a fortnight later, I had opportunities of ascertaining the opinions of a good many intelligent men upon the subject of protection *versus* free trade. Some were thorough liberal-conservatives, and believed in their very hearts that the national policy, as they termed it, would be the means of building up a Canada as colossal in wealth and power as in geographical dimensions.

Others were ardent free traders, believing that it would be safer to have a small population secure from sudden reverses than a large population subject to disastrous shocks. They held that the United States could at any time arrange a tariff that would ruin Canadian manufactures based upon protection.

There were others still who looked askance upon the national policy, but who intended to support the liberal-conservatives at the polls.

Why so? I asked.

Because a reversion to free trade would follow if the grits came into power, and what would then become of the enormous amount of capital invested in factories and of those hundred and twenty-seven thousand men that we have added in ten years to our manufacturing population? they replied.

Then if you once enter on a system of protection, you cannot retrace your steps?

It would be extremely dangerous to try to do so in Canada, they said.

I inquired if the figures given at the meeting could be depended upon as accurate, and was informed that they could be. One of my friends undertook to obtain a copy of the audited official returns of the public debt for me, and when I received it I ascertained that the debt had been increased by £8,440,335, or at the rate of £1,688,067 a year while the grits were in power, and by £21,108,119, or at the rate of £1,407,207 a year during the period—1878 to 1893—that the Tories had been in office. The total amount of the debt in 1893 was £62,511,276, but the government had money out on loan and other assets of the same nature to the amount of £12,161,143, so

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that the net debt was £50,350,133, and in November 1894 was as stated by the speakers.

It is impossible to compare the public debt of Canada with that of the Cape Colony, and Natal, because two individuals can hardly be found to agree as to how the coloured people of South Africa should be rated. Leaving them out altogether, the debt amounts in Natal to £163, in the Cape Colony to £71, and in Canada to £10½ per individual colonist. But the coloured people of a great part of the Cape Colony at least must count for something in apportioning the debt, and here and also in Natal the railroads are public property and form an offset, so that anything like an estimate not liable to be disputed is out of the question.

A fortnight after the tory meeting the liberal or grit raters arrived, and the opera house in Moncton was again filled with an attentive audience. The honourable Wilfred Laurier, member of the commons for East Quebec, is the leader of the liberal party, and has the reputation of being the best public speaker in Canada. I was sorry that he was not present, but the man who stands second only to him on the liberal side, Mr. Louis Davies, member of the commons for a constituency in Prince Edward Island, was there. Several others addressed the meeting, among them the honourable Henry R. Emmerson, one of the members for Albert county in the provincial legislative assembly of New Brunswick, but Mr. Davies was far above them all in fluency of speech and power of reasoning.

He put the free trade case before his audience in powerful language as the only policy of safety for Canada. He did not abuse his opponents, as Sir Hibbert Tupper had done, but he held their views to be incorrect. Under a system of free trade, or trade upon which duties were levied only for revenue purposes, the great natural resources of Canada would be developed. She could produce many things better and cheaper than other countries, and the attention of her people should be directed to these, rather than to manufactures which had to be bolstered up to maintain a precarious existence.

The other speakers brought forward all the mistakes of the tories since they came into power in October 1878, and they had a great deal to say about the wonderful progress of England in wealth under a system of free trade, but omitted to add that England's greatness was built upon protection, that but for the Navigation Act—the most protective

measure ever known—she could not have risen to be the first commercial power of the world. They believed, they said, that agriculture, manufactures, and commerce were the great pillars of national prosperity, and that all of these thrive best when left most free to individual enterprise, without state interference of any kind. It seemed to me that there was a want of thoroughness in their arguments, and I left the opera house convinced that if the liberal or grit party gained any adherents that evening, it was through what fell from Mr. Davies' lips, not from what any one else said.

The newspapers, of course, made as much capital as possible out of the meetings, and leading articles and short paragraphs were devoted to them for several days afterwards. Some of the comments were humorous, and a few were coarse, but most were plain expressions of the writers' views. The skits were numerous. I regret that I neglected to preserve any, so I cannot quote them verbatim, but I think I can give from memory the following, at any rate approximately:

A TORY VISION OF GREATNESS.—It has been discovered that figs can be grown in Canada (in hothouses at considerable cost), and there is no doubt that the taste of the children can be cultivated to eat them in large quantities. By imposing a duty of say five hundred per cent upon the imported article therefore, a large number of people can be employed in fig growing. The fig growers will purchase bicycles for themselves and skipping ropes for their little girls, and thus two other important industries will be maintained. The bicycle and skipping rope makers will require supplies from the farmers, and a general round of increased prosperity will result.

THE GRIT IDEAL OF PROSPERITY.—Cheap clothing from over the border (and people too poor to buy it).

In South Africa parties are not divided on the question of free trade or protection for manufacturing industries, and indeed that question never can assume the same magnitude here as in Canada. With a large coloured population manufactures on an extensive scale are not possible. In saying this I am only saying what the experience of other countries has proved, and what the exercise of a little reason would lead anyone to conclude. The black man must go through the training that the white man has had, before his eye or his hand or his brain will be adapted for anything but the coarsest work. And who can say how many generations will be needed for that training? It is unfair to him to expect that he can almost at once take a place beside the

man whose ancestors have been under the severest discipline for untold centuries, and then to abuse him because he does not do so. Justice and common sense require that he should be regarded as what his line of descent has made him. Those who know him best and are really well disposed towards him do not attempt to force him into a position for which he is altogether unfit, and those who do not take the trouble to study his nature and his powers soon find that the effort to push him on too rapidly invariably ends in failure. There are a few black men in South Africa capable of doing almost anything, but the vast majority could no more be trained to work in a cotton mill or a cloth factory than to act as architects for a building like Westminster Abbey.

It is this fact that causes our country to be so different from the other great British colonies. We are unable to introduce work-people from England to carry on manufactures, as Canada and Australia can, for the white man will not and cannot labour beside the black man on equal terms, and the black man is here and must be dealt with. It is not prejudice against colour that causes inability to fraternise, it is the same feeling as that which prevents a first-class artisan from associating in a workshop with untrained men of his own race: in both cases the individual with knowledge and skill must have authority over the others, or all self respect is lost.

The circumstances of this country are against a national policy like that of Canada, though we have a national policy of our own. We believe it to be our interest to encourage agriculture, and so heavy duties are imposed upon breadstuffs and meat coming over the sea. Because we, with crude labour requiring constant supervision, cannot produce wheat for less than double what pays the Canadian or Australian farmer, home-grown wheat is protected. Because we cannot sell South African mutton in Capetown for what pays the Australian sheep farmer to send frozen meat to us, a duty of twopence a pound is levied at our ports. And with us instinctively the proportion of protectionists to free traders in food is vastly greater than the proportion in Canada of protectionists to free traders in manufactured articles.

An argument used by Mr. Davies and his associates in their speeches at Moncton was that protection of manufactures was a tax upon agriculture, inasmuch as the farmer had to pay more for everything that he required to purchase than he would have to pay under a system of free trade. Remove protection,

they said, and the quantity of food grown and exported would vastly increase and the commerce of the country would swell in proportion. Whether this argument is sound or not, the present export of farm produce from Canada is certainly large. I give the official returns for 1893 to show what it amounts to, and beside them I place the returns for South Africa through the ports of the Cape Colony and Natal for the same year, in order that they can be easily compared. As Canada joins the United States, it often happens that at one part of the border produce is sent northward for sale, and at another part it is sent southward. In the figures given below I have allowed for this, by deducting from the total export of each article the quantity imported from the United States, and thus showing the actual value of the farm produce of Canada over and above the consumption of her own people. For the same reason I have deducted the Natal produce sent to the Cape Colony, and give only what South Africa as a whole sends abroad.

	Canada.	South Africa.
	£	£
Aloes		9,622
Argol		1,591
Bacon, Hams, and Pork ...	354,934	
Butter	260,454	
Cheese	2,788,856	
Eggs	178,086	
Feathers, Ostrich		461,873
Flour, Meal, and Bran ...	464,386	
Flowers, Dried		21,336
Fruit	590,504	
Hair, Angora		557,454
Hay	299,734	
Hides, Skins, and Horns ...		557,444
Hogs	30,331	
Horned Cattle... ..	1,609,301	
Horses	288,105	
Lard and Tallow	4,618	
Peas and Beans	603,429	
Potatoes... ..	80,081	
Poultry... ..	11,198	
Sheep	240,927	
Tinned and Salted Meat ...	162,350	
Wheat and other Grain ...	2,055,481	
Wine		18,964
Wool, Sheep's... ..		2,372,178
Total Farm Produce exported...	10,022,775	4,007,685

CHAPTER VII.

COCAIGNE. THE CANADIAN AND SOUTH AFRICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

The first excursion which I made from Moncton was to Cocaigne, a mixed French and English settlement on a harbour opening into the Straits of Northumberland. If that harbour was on the South African coast it would be of great value, but in

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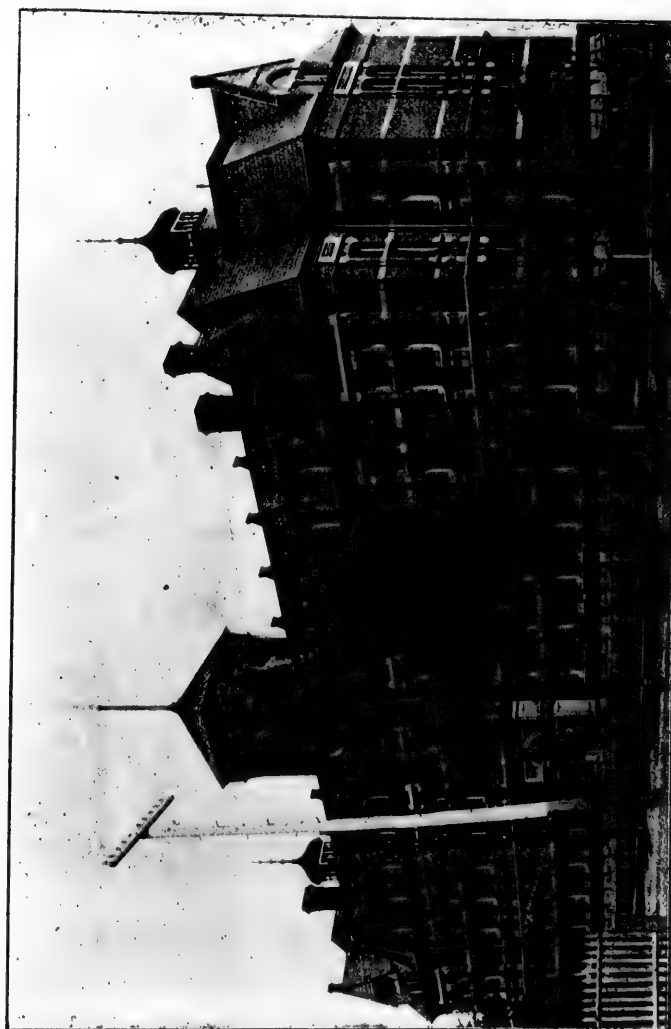
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GENERAL OFFICES OF THE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY, MONCTON, CANADA.



Photo by Northrup, Moncton N. B.

WINTER SCENE ON THE BORDER OF A CANADIAN FOREST.

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Canada secure havens are too common to be much regarded, and Cocaigne is seldom used as a shipping port. The harbour is a deep inlet, with an island in its mouth and a river running into the head of the curve. It is not an attractive place. In midsummer the heat is often intense, and in winter, unsheltered by hill or forest, it lies open to winds which sweep down from the north over great fields of ice, causing the cold to be felt in its utmost severity. Back from the road which runs along the shore stretch the long narrow farms of about a hundred acres each, such as were allotted to the early French settlers under a system of occupation which has not yet been improved upon.

At this place half a century ago there was a school of some celebrity in the province, termed the Cocaigne Academy, which it was my fate to attend for four years. My visit was thus for the purpose of hunting up old classmates among the resident families, and of seeing what changes time had brought about in the locality. It was the only place in Canada where I did not see any marked improvement. The forest that I remembered as coming down to the river's edge and clothing the whole country to within a mile of the shore of the Strait was gone, but there were very few houses on the bare bleak farms where it had stood. There was not a vestige of a saw mill or a dam or a shipyard left. The timber trade had vanished, as it has done from many other parts of the country on which were once forests believed to be inexhaustible. Even the adjoining sea was less profitable than in olden times. Oysters and lobsters, once in the greatest plenty, were now so scarce, owing to the vast quantities that had been exported to England, that the tinning establishments were closed. Farming alone remained, and for that the condition of things was less favourable than in other parts of the province. The result was that young English speaking people moved away, though the habitants remained, and to-day the population is not greater than it was fifty years ago, but it is much more largely French. The most considerable change noticeable is a new and more commodious Roman Catholic church, standing close by the old one which has fallen into decay.

There were only two of my old schoolmates left in the place, and one of these was away from home. From the other I learned the history of many of those who had once been my companions, and who were afterwards scattered far and wide over Canada and the United States. Of the old residents, many of the names even had died out. The Cocaigne

Academy had long since disappeared, and in its stead was a school under the modern system, an improvement so great that the young people of the present day can hardly realise it.

A large portion of my life in South Africa having been occupied in teaching, the school system of Canada was one of the subjects which I was desirous of comparing with that of the Cape Colony, and I wanted also to be able to compare that system now with what it was half a century ago. For this purpose I made the acquaintance of the superintendents general of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, from both of whom I received much information, I visited a number of schools and watched the routine, and I collected a considerable quantity of reports, regulations, manuals, and books in use.

Let us look first at the Cocaigne Academy, a good specimen of a Canadian public school—regarded as of the first class—in the olden time. The building, erected by public subscription, stood close to the shore, at one end of the long wooden bridge that spanned the river at its mouth, so as to be in a central position. All the classes were taught in one large room, which was warmed in winter by an immense stove in the centre, round which the desks were ranged. The principal was the reverend Alfred Horatio Weeks, a clergyman of the church of England, and the assistant, or usher as he was termed, was Mr. David Miller, a layman. The government did not contribute anything to the support of the institution, which was maintained entirely by school fees and by subscriptions guaranteed in case the fees fell short. The hours of attendance were from 9 to 4, with an hour for lunch, except on Saturdays, when the school closed at 1. The holidays were about half as long as those at present given. The discipline was cruelly severe. The reverend principal was conscientious, and as he really believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, he tried to do his duty regardless of his muscles.

I asked my old classmate if he remembered the punishment inflicted on a particular occasion upon several boys for what would now be regarded as a very trifling fault. I have need to, he replied, and baring one of his wrists he showed me a large mark which he has borne ever since as the result of it.

Yet the reverend principal was not naturally a cruel man. He was a very strict disciplinarian, but he could say kind words and act generously enough outside the schoolhouse. He made me a present of a pair of skates once, so, in spite of the drubbings I received, I have

a warm place in my memory for him. He was still living, though at a very advanced age, a widower, and childless, when I was in Canada, but I had not time to visit the part of the province where he was then residing, and shortly after my return to London I received intelligence of his death.

The school being a place of terror, it was a natural result that no one went to it of his own free will. If a boy did not know his lessons, he would argue he might as well play truant for the day, as the punishment for the one offence would be no worse than for the other. And there was frequently a strong temptation to play truant, even when a boy could repeat his home task, but knew he would likely be belaboured for something else. In the spring time a habitant was making maple sugar only half-a-dozen miles up the river, and it would be so nice to help carry the little bark dishes of sap from the trees to the boiler, and get a block when it was taken from the mould. Or later the wild strawberries—the delicious wild strawberries of Canada—were ripening in some warm locality, and each boy thought he would like to be the first to eat them. And then as the season advanced there were the wild raspberries and the blueberries in the newly burnt clearings on the border of the forest, and later still the hazel nuts on the island, all powerful magnets for schoolboys dreading the reverend principal's cane. One report would pass round that the fishing was particularly good in a certain stream, or that a big wolf had been trapped by somebody, or a schooner was to be launched, or in winter the river and the harbour would be one great sheet of ice inviting races on skates; with these on one side and the rod on the other, the pupils of the Cocaigne Academy often turned away from the path that led to knowledge.

One day—it was the 3rd of November 1847—four boys were standing on the bridge watching great clouds of wahoos and wild ducks of other kinds that were on the wing from the north towards warmer latitudes, knowing by instinct that winter was approaching. The oldest of the four had a gun, but somehow the flocks all took a course that led away from the bridge, and he had no chance of testing his skill. A light canoe was fastened to one of the piers, so, tired of waiting, three of the boys jumped in, and with two of them paddling and the other holding the gun in readiness, shot out into the harbour to a spot that the birds were passing over. The chance came, but the gun recoiled, and with even so slight a shock the canoe turned over. The water was so cold that to swim very far was

impossible. One of the boys who clung to the canoe was saved, the corpse of the one who had the gun was found that night just where the accident took place, and the body of the other was recovered nearer the shore. The effect of this sudden death of two of the brightest boys in the school was felt long afterwards.

One day there was a violent storm. The north-west wind in its fury swept over the Strait, and piled the water in Cocaigne harbour higher than had ever been known before. The moon was full, and under ordinary circumstances the tide line would have been within a few feet of the schoolhouse, but now the water surrounded the lonely building, great waves came rolling in before the gusts to dash against the outer wall of wood, and soon the place was a wreck, to the intense delight of every boy that saw it. But our mutual congratulations were soon over. A gentleman who lived close to the other end of the bridge, and who had a number of sons, offered a wing of his house, and in a few days the school was opened again.

I have yet to describe the method of teaching, and to enumerate the subjects taught. The usher took spelling, reading, geography, arithmetic, what was called philosophy, and once a week French. Only once a week was there a lesson in one of the principal languages of the country, and then it was bare reading without any explanation whatever. The geography lessons were home tasks, and were nothing more than the repetition by each boy of a certain quantity of matter in a book. It was really a test of memory, and nothing else. The philosophy meant answering by rote a series of questions from a long catechism, and for practical value may be classed with the geography. The arithmetic was better, and as this was Mr. Miller's strong point, we really got some explanation of rules and were helped forward in our work.

The principal took the Latin and Greek languages, history, and penmanship. His own handwriting was remarkably good, almost like copperplate, and he laid down the sensible rule that the test of writing was the ability of any one whatever to read it without hesitation or difficulty. He used to set a copy for us to follow, and then warm with his cane the hands of those whose performance was not to his satisfaction. The history taught was that of Greece, Rome, and England, but we learnt little more than lists of events and names of rulers. Of the life of the Greek people, of the effects of Roman institutions upon modern nations, and of everything in fact that would be really useful for us to know, we remained ignorant. The great movements of our own

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times, the stirring events of modern Europe and America, even past occurrences in Canada, were utterly ignored. We could repeat the legend of Romulus, and could remember the name of Miltiades, but we never heard in school of Frederick the Great or of George Washington, except indirectly as their actions affected England. A knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages was, in the opinion of the principal, the first and highest object of a schoolboy's life, and consequently a very large portion of time was taken up with those studies. I went to the Cocaigne Academy from an infant school, where English grammar was beyond the capacity of the pupils, and the day I entered it I had a copy of the Eton Latin grammar put into my hands, with a long home task marked off in it. Thereafter two hours every day I stood before the principal declining Latin nouns and adjectives and conjugating verbs, without ever a word of explanation or comparison with the structure of English speech, with no help or guidance whatever but the rod when a mistake was made. So it went on, through the *Delectus*, and the *Commentaries* of Cæsar and the *Lives* of Cornelius Nepos and the *Æneid* of Virgil, all dull rote, with no life and no real teaching in it at all, so that I believe unless a boy had an extraordinary natural inclination for Latin lore, his training at this school would forever have repelled him from it. Mathematics were not taught at all, and if I had not at a later date had the advantage of a course of lessons in this branch of knowledge from an Irishman named O'Donnell—an eccentric but very estimable man,—of algebra and geometry I should have remained absolutely ignorant.

The institution which I have been describing was a fair specimen of a public school in Canada half a century ago. The system of instruction was then generally held to be good, and the severe discipline was regarded as scriptural and correct. No parent dreamed of complaining about it. There was but one exception that I know of: the Grammar School of St. John, of which Dr. James Paterson was the principal, under whose guidance many boys were trained who have made their mark in Canada. It was my good fortune to attend this school for some time after leaving the Cocaigne Academy, and to Dr. Paterson more than to any other teacher I owe what little knowledge I had when I entered upon the duties of active life. I can speak of him with gratitude, and I am not the only one in South Africa who benefited by his instruction. His idea of a school was that it should be a place of preparation for a boy to educate himself,

the teacher could only lay a foundation, the pupil must build upon it; but he took care to lay the foundation strong and well, and he pointed out the way in which the edifice should be raised. He devoted more time to Latin than to all other subjects put together—it was the custom of the day,—but the *Æneid* in his hands was a thing of life and beauty to his pupils. A single lesson from him on the use of the globes was worth more than all the geography ever taught at Cocaigne. He pointed out too the good for admiration, and cast scorn upon the mean and the bad, till every boy felt an enthusiasm to do what was right. He worked by attraction, not by fear, and I never knew of a case of truancy from his school. But, as I said before, the Grammar School of St. John was exceptional in its system, and I think just on that account many people looked somewhat askance upon it; the other institution, which I described first, represents the ideas of education at that time.

The Cocaigne Academy, its style of teaching, its mode of maintenance, the whole system of which it was a representative, might have been in Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs as far as any trace of it can be observed in Canada to-day. The past and the present are thrown into striking contrast in the Dominion in nothing more than in the public schools. Each province has control over the education of its own people, and no two have exactly the same system, but there is a general resemblance between them all except Quebec.

The supreme direction of educational matters in each is vested in a council of public instruction, which consists in New Brunswick of the governor, the members of the executive council, the president of the university of New Brunswick, and the superintendent-general; in Nova Scotia of the members of the executive council and the superintendent-general. All regulations are made by these bodies, and they divide the provinces into areas for inspection and school districts. Each country school district in New Brunswick elects a board of three trustees, and each town school district has a board of seven trustees, three of whom are appointed by the governor in council and the other four by the municipal council. The trustees are required to engage properly qualified teachers and to provide educational privileges of an unsectarian kind for all children from five to twenty years of age.

There are normal schools in which teachers are trained, grammar schools, superior schools, and three classes of ordinary schools. The buildings—usually of a very excellent kind—are put up by means of money raised on loan

by the trustees, and the interest, sinking fund, maintenance, &c., are charges upon the school rates. In New Brunswick there is a grammar school in every county, and fifty superior and over seventeen hundred ordinary schools in the province, attended by about seventy thousand pupils. The cost is defrayed from the provincial treasury, the county school funds, and school district rates.

The provincial treasury contributes yearly towards the salaries of the teachers £72 18s. 4d. to the principal of a grammar school, £52 1s. 8d. to the principal of a superior school, £28 2s. 8d. to the principal of a first class ordinary boys' school, £20 16s. 8d. to the principal of a first class ordinary girls' school, £22 10s. to the principal of a second class ordinary boys' school, £16 17s. 6d. to the principal of a second class ordinary girls' school, £16 17s. 6d. to the principal of a third class ordinary boys' school, £13 2s. 6d. to the principal of a third class ordinary girls' school, and half those amounts to the assistant teachers. The county funds contribute at the rate of 1/8 for every individual resident of either sex, young or old, which sum is apportioned according to the number of children in each school. And the balance required is made up by rates upon property and incomes and by a fixed poll tax of 4/2 upon every male between twenty-one and sixty years of age, levied within the school districts.

In Nova Scotia the sum granted by the provincial legislature for ordinary schools is fixed at £34,791 13s. 4d. and is apportioned according to prescribed rules, there is a feeble effort to enforce attendance at schools by a trifling fine upon parents or guardians for each child not present during at least eighty days of the previous year, and there are a few other unimportant differences; but practically the system is the same as that of New Brunswick.

All the schoolrooms that I saw were models of neatness and comfort, and were furnished with every appliance that could aid the teachers to illustrate the lessons. The desks were made for one or two, never more, and stood in lines behind each other with passages between the rows. The seats were comfortable, and the pupils looked bright and happy. The lessons—given from books of an approved kind—were well illustrated, so that each child's attention was fixed. The subjects, too, were so arranged that the children did not get weary. For instance, the little ones read and went through the fire drill, had a lesson in arithmetic and sang *Our Own Canadian Home*, in rotation. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy being at school.

I could find but one fault with the system of teaching, and that was a tendency—as it seemed to me—to give instruction to the larger children in subjects beyond their capacities. Competitive examinations may be to blame for this, at any rate it must tend to give the pupils a smattering of many subjects rather than a complete mastery of a few.

The effect, however, of the system—and that is its best test—is to be seen in a highly intelligent community, in which there is no one without sufficient education to fit himself or herself for any ordinary sphere of life.

The religious difficulty is got over in New Brunswick in a very simple manner, and nothing that has occurred within the last year has surprised me more than that the people of Manitoba have not followed the example of a sister province and settled the dispute that has arisen there in the same sensible way.* The French and other Roman Catholics in New Brunswick objected to send their children to the public schools, because they regarded religion as a necessary—indeed the most important—part of education. They had their convent schools and their college at Memramcook, and naturally they did not want to support these and pay special rates, county taxes, and a poll tax for school purposes also. Manifestly it would have been unfair to compel them to do so. And as the greater number of elementary subjects, such as spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography can be taught without any religious bias one way or the other, an arrangement was made that instruction in these subjects should be given to the pupils in the convent schools a certain number of hours every day, that the schools should be open to the inspectors, and should share in the grants and privileges the same as the others. Outside of the stipulated hours religion is taught, but no one has a right to complain of that.

Of course the Roman Catholic schools in thinly populated localities do to some extent

* Previous to the admission of Manitoba into the Dominion the Roman Catholics of that province maintained separate schools. One of the terms of union was that all rights of the minority in respect to schools were to be retained. In 1890, however, the local legislature of Manitoba passed an Act abolishing separate schools and prohibiting religious teaching in the public schools. The question has since been before the courts, and finally before the judicial committee of the privy council, which decided that the rights of the Roman Catholic minority had been interfered with. The Catholics then asked the Dominion Parliament to restore to them the schools as maintained by them prior to 1890. It is difficult to see where the trouble will end, as the Manitoba legislature refuses to recede from the position that all public schools in the province shall be entirely unsectarian.

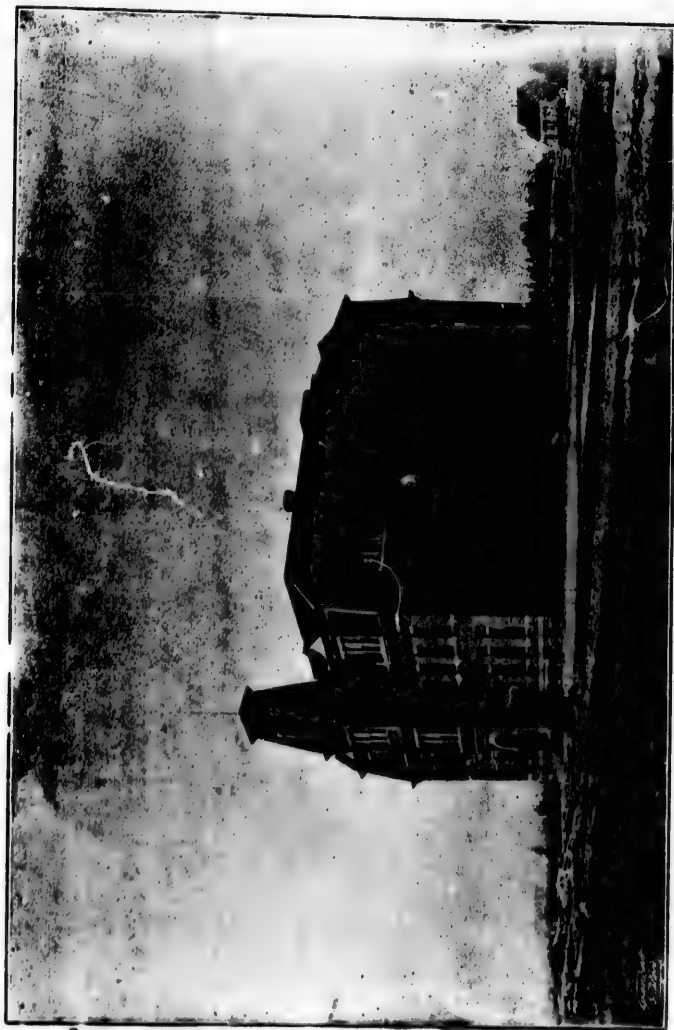
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THE PUBLIC SCHOOL, MONCTON, CANADA.



Photo by Gribble.

THE GOOLNOW HALL, HUGUENOT SEMINARY, WELLINGTON.

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clash with the public undenominational schools, for two have to exist upon what would not be more than sufficient for one; but this is a small evil compared with a sectional grievance, and by submitting to it all are enabled to live in amity and friendship side by side.

The circumstances of South Africa have caused a different system of public schools to be developed. Even in Canada, with a very small coloured population, it has been found necessary to provide either separate schools or separate classrooms for white and coloured children,—I shall have something to say in another chapter of the school for blacks in St. John, in which I spent an afternoon,—here, until we can plainly draw a line and use words that cannot be misunderstood, free schools, open to all, and in which instruction of exactly the same kind would be given to every pupil, would prove a curse instead of a blessing to the country. The ox and the ass are no more fitted to be yoked together than are the children of a European and of a Hottentot to be trained in the same way. All need training, but it is training of a different kind.

With the great bulk of the coloured people time devoted to the teaching of geography, history, and advanced arithmetic, for instance, is simply time wasted: they do not, and can not, make use of such knowledge. Their hands and eyes and moral faculties need to be educated during long years before they can make a start from the point which the European child occupies by virtue of his descent. It is in that direction their training should proceed, in order to bring out the best that is in them, to make them of the greatest use to themselves and to the community. So the Canadian system would not be appropriate here.

As in Canada, our public undenominational schools are inspected by government officials, they have local boards of management, and they are classified in different orders; but half the cost of their maintenance is made up from payments by pupils, the other half being contributed by the colonial treasury. A certain number of children of poor parents are admitted free. In these schools—attended exclusively by European children—the instruction imparted is, I think, equal in quality to that given in Canadian schools of the same grade; but as a whole the buildings and appliances for illustration are not so good. I say, as a whole, for in many of our towns and villages there are exceptions. And in South Africa the tendency is not nearly so marked to cram the heads of the larger pupils with a slight knowledge of a variety of subjects as

little in advance of the capacity of their years.

A great difficulty experienced in South Africa, and almost unknown in Canada, is that of reaching a population very thinly scattered over a vast area. Where farms are small—only from one to three or four hundred acres in size—it is evident that it is easy to establish a school that will meet the wants of a large number of children; but where they are six thousand acres in extent, as the sheep-walks of the South African Karoo, it is a most difficult matter. The farm boarding schools—liberally aided by government—to some extent meet the want, though they cannot do so entirely in the case of poor people. Thus it is unfortunately the case that many European children are growing up in South Africa without a knowledge of books.

The education of the coloured people is provided for by large grants from the public treasury to mission schools of every denomination.

The status of teachers is certainly better in South Africa than in Canada. In each country they require to have certificates of competency, and in each country they are only engaged for limited periods. The salaries in Canada are smaller, but then the cost of living is less, so that I think they are about on a par in that respect. But the good service allowance of the Cape Colony is an advantage which the Canadian teacher does not enjoy. The object is to encourage qualified men and women to make teaching their life work, and to do their duty thoroughly. The system provides that after each period of five years continuous service, up to fifteen years, if the examinations have shown that the pupils have made satisfactory progress, a good service allowance is paid by the government to the teacher, in addition to his or her salary. In case of loss of health, or upon reaching sixty years of age, a teacher is entitled to retire from service and to draw thereafter annually the good service allowance as a pension, with an addition of fifty per cent for a service of fifteen and under twenty years, seventy-five per cent for a service of twenty and under thirty years, and a hundred per cent for a service of over thirty years. Pensions from £18 to £100 a year are thus provided for, according to the grade of the teacher and the length of service.

The teachers to whom I spoke in Canada upon this subject, however, did not seem much interested in it. They appeared to regard their occupation as merely temporary, and I did not hear of many who had been engaged very long

in it. Those who were not teachers did not approve of the plan, because, they said, men and women who taught any length of time got into fixed grooves and were as a rule incapable of making use of new and improved plans, so that people fresh from training institutions were to be preferred.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY RAIL FROM MONCTON TO SPRINGHILL.—
COURTS OF JUSTICE IN CANADA.—LAWYERS.
SPRINGHILL.—AN INDIAN VILLAGE.—
PARSBORO.—WEATHER IN CANADA IN
NOVEMBER.—SHEDIAC.—RIVER HEBERT.

My second tour from Moncton was to Parrsboro, on the shore of the Basin of Minas, in Nova Scotia. The train between these places passes through the important towns of Dorchester, Sackville, Amherst, and Springhill, and from the windows of the carriages may be seen ground that was stubbornly contested between the French and the English in the olden times. I can do no more than enumerate the names and give some few particulars of the places on the way until Springhill was reached, for I had not time to stop at each.

First, then, at Memramcook station is the Roman Catholic college of the province. The buildings made a good show from the line, and I was informed that many pupils were being educated in them.

At Dorchester, which is situated at the junction of the Memramcook and Petitcodiac rivers, a very imposing building on a hill attracts attention. It is the penitentiary of the maritime provinces, but why it should have been placed in such a conspicuous position I do not know, nor did I think of inquiring.

Sackville is a port of some consequence, and is the terminus of the branch railway from Cape Tormentine, so that all the winter traffic of Prince Edward Island passes through it. Here also is the Wesleyan college of the province. The train was half filled with students of this college, who had been contesting in athletic sports with those of another institution somewhere else, and as they had been victors, they were in the best of spirits. They sent a deputation through the carriages to ask the other passengers if there was any objection to their singing, and as of course there was none, they gave voice properly. A more intelligent, or physically finer lot of young men could be seen nowhere in the world. News of the great victory they had won at football had been flashed along the

wires, and the whole college and its friends were at the station to meet them. The train drew up amid such hurrahing that even the engine bell could not be heard, and cheer succeeded cheer until we steamed away again and left the rejoicing youths behind.

The line next passes over the Tantramar marsh, which is about forty square miles in size, and has produced magnificent crops of hay year after year ever since the French occupation. Over the isthmus of Chignecto a commencement was made some time ago with the construction of a ship railway. The idea was to raise laden ships of anything under a thousand tons burden by hydraulic presses, and to convey them in a cradle on rails from the gulf of St. Lawrence to the bay of Fundy, or in the opposite direction, and thus to save the passage round the peninsula of Nova Scotia. A great deal of money was sunk in the undertaking, which was abandoned before completion.

On crossing the Missiguash river the railway enters the province of Nova Scotia. The name of this stream recalls to the mind of a Canadian some of the most memorable events in the history of his country, for on its northern bank once stood the strong fortress Beau Séjour, made famous by the efforts of Father La Loutre to prevent the English occupation. In 1755, however, Beau Séjour was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Moncton, when its name was changed to Fort Cumberland. Its ruins are still to be seen crowning the top of a hill which rises steeply from the marsh. Legends of the old days of strife between English, French, and Indians were to be heard here a century afterwards, and it is quite possible they are not even yet all forgotten.

The first town reached in Nova Scotia is Amherst, a place of about four thousand inhabitants, and the seat of the county court of Cumberland. I may here make a digression to explain that the courts of justice in Canada are somewhat different to those in South Africa.

There are first a large number of magistrates, who try petty cases, civil and criminal, and are paid by fees. Our special justices of the peace correspond partly to them, but not entirely.

Next come the parish courts, each of which is presided over by a commissioner. In these courts cases for debt not exceeding £16 13s. 4d., and actions for damages not exceeding £8 6s. 8d. are tried, but are subject to review by a judge on demand of the loser.

Above these are the county courts, presided over by judges who must have been

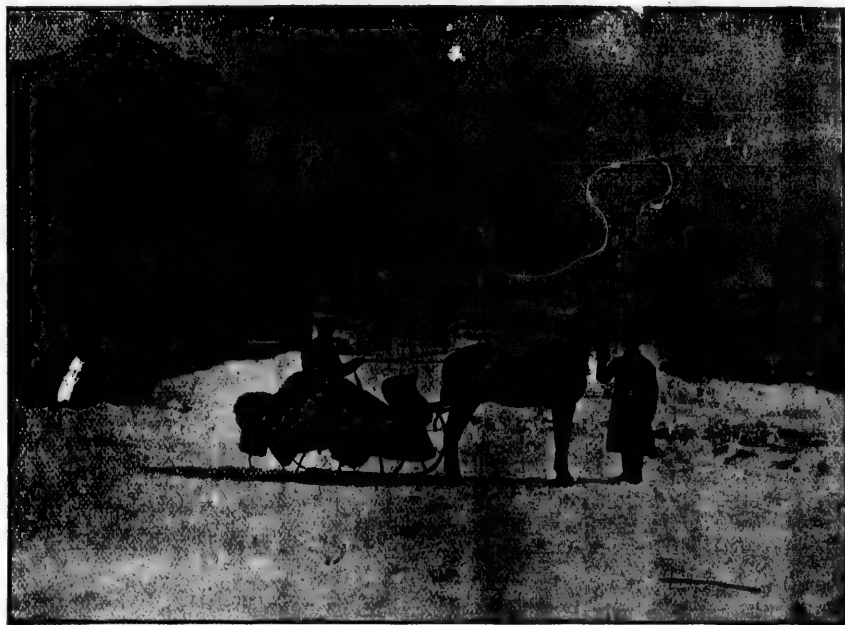
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barristers of at least seven years standing. In these courts actions for debts under £83 6s. 8d. or for damages under £41 13s. 4d. and all criminal cases that are not capital are tried. In criminal cases there is a jury of twelve, who must agree in finding a verdict to convict. In civil cases there is a jury of five, of whom the decision of four is accepted after two hours retirement.

Next are the provincial supreme courts, which consist of six judges. These are purely

are, however, much less in Canada than in South Africa. Here an advocate and an attorney are distinct individuals, there the two professions are commonly united in the same person. To be an attorney one must study four years with a barrister, or three years if one is a bachelor of arts, and must then pass an examination. After practising a year, without any further examination, one is then sworn in as a barrister before the supreme court. Competition between the members of



OFF FOR A SLEIGH DRIVE,

courts of review and appeal, as no cases are tried before them primarily. The judges, however, go on circuit to try cases beyond the jurisdiction of the county courts. Civil cases in the circuit courts are decided by a jury of seven, of whom five must agree.

Highest of all is the supreme court of Canada, which consists of five judges besides the chief justice. This court is stationary at Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, and its judges do not go on circuit. Five of them form a quorum.

This system is more elaborate than that of the Cape Colony, but I am unable to say whether it is better or not. Legal expenses

the law is keen, and the fees are therefore moderate. This will be apparent at once from the fact that from the barristers the judges of the county courts are selected, whose salaries are not higher than those of divisional resident magistrates in South Africa.

After this digression, occasioned by the remark that Amherst is the seat of the county court of Cumberland, I can go on with the train. We passed the government experimental farm at Nappan, and soon afterwards were on one of the largest and richest coal-fields in existence. At Springhill the train stopped. It was late in the evening, the day was the last of the week, and it had just com-

menced to rain heavily. The conductor informed us that there were no passengers for any place beyond, and as they did not run on Sunday, we had twenty-eight hours for an examination of the town and its numerous churches. There was a very comfortable hotel, he added, not far from the station, and the proprietor had a covered carriage at the door ready to take us to it. This is worse than my unlucky adventure in Moville, I thought, and in my own Canada too. But there was no help for it, so we went to the hotel, which was really what the conductor termed it, a very comfortable one.

Sunday morning broke with a cloudless sky, and I rose to find myself in a well-built mining town of five or six thousand inhabitants. It had sprung into existence long after I left Canada, and all that I knew about it was that five years ago there was a terrible disaster in one of the pits, when some hundred and fifty persons lost their lives by an explosion of fire damp. The yearly output of coal at this centre is not far short of half-a-million tons.

I was not interested in Springhill, and as one of my brothers, who was with me, was anxious to return to his business in Chicago, we resolved to engage a trap and go on to Parrsboro, twenty-three miles distant, immediately after breakfast. The drive was a very pleasant one, as the road was good and the horses fresh. We passed through an Indian village, or what passes for such now in the maritime provinces of Canada. The houses exactly resembled those of Europeans, but were smaller, the only prominent building being the Roman Catholic church. The fact is the Micmacs of this part have mixed their blood with that of white people to such an extent that there can be few—if any—pure breeds left. They are much more French than Indian in their habits, and altogether French in their creed. Some that I saw were to all appearance ordinary habitants.

We reached Parrsboro at noon, and remained there two days. The village contains about two thousand inhabitants, dependent to a large extent upon shipping and the lumber trade, though in the summer it is a favourite seaside resort, and is often visited by tourists even from the United States. The timber trade is very small now compared to what it was forty years ago, for vast areas of forest land have been cleared, still the stacks of deals and boards were worth seeing, though the shipping season was practically over, and only one belated barque was loading for Liverpool.

Parrsboro is a pretty place. It has an

excellent harbour, sheltered by a high tongue of land which is a peninsula at low water and an island at high. The view of the coast over the neck is superb, as prominent capes stand out until the last one fades away in the distance. Then in another direction one looks over the Basin of Minas towards the Land of Evangeline, and sees sailing craft and steam packets always fitting to and fro. There are nice drives and pleasant places in the neighbourhood too, but I had not time to visit them, and beyond the village itself there was no one that I cared particularly to meet. A generation had passed away since I was there before, and there was nothing to draw me to the new names and faces. We returned to Moncton on Tuesday.

Some of the readers of these articles may wish to know what the weather in Canada was like at this time, so I will describe it here. During the night of the 5th of November the first snow of the season fell. There was no wind to make it drift, and as the fall was heavy the whole country was covered to a depth of several inches in the morning. When it cleared up about noon on the 6th, it seemed to me that everyone, young and old, was bent upon enjoyment. That afternoon sleighs were dashing about in all directions, without noise except the jingling of the bells on the horses. It would have delighted anyone to see the little children. Some were coasting on hand sledges, others were building up snow men, and one party of boys that I noticed were running up a ladder to the top of a verandah and then jumping off into a bank they had made. Their merry shouts proved how delighted they were.

Until dark the children were out, and it was difficult to get them inside even when evening set in. It was so nice playing in the snow! The next morning it began to melt rapidly, for the ground beneath it was not frozen, and soon it disappeared. The streets were slushy for about twenty-four hours, and then the most charming weather imaginable set in. The sky was perfectly clear, and the air just cold enough to make a greatcoat necessary. One felt fit for any amount of exercise. This lasted until the 19th of November, when the thermometer went down rapidly.

There was a self-feeding stove in the hall adjoining my bedroom, and when I retired that evening I was advised to leave the door open to let in the heat, as it would be very cold before morning. But cold was just what I wanted, and so I closed the door. In the morning the windows were frosted over in patterns more beautiful than man ever made,

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STREET IN MONCTON.—THE DAY AFTER A SNOW STORM.

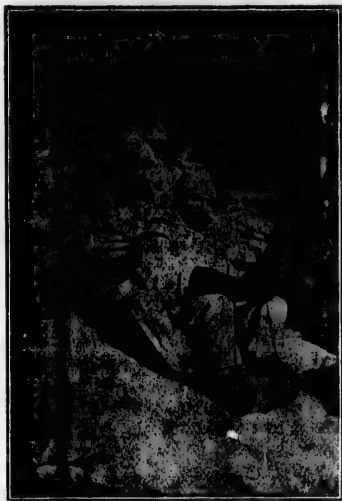


A WINTER SCENE IN CANADA.

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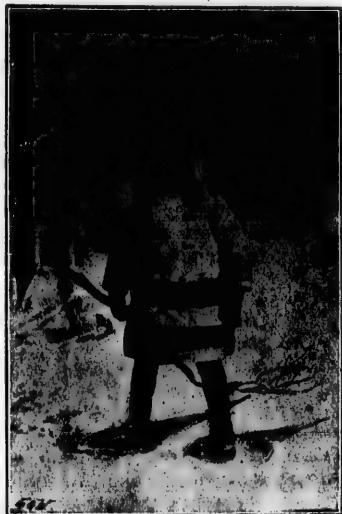
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the water in the ewer was covered with thick ice, and the ink in a bottle that I had used before going to bed was a little solid block.



MEN TOBOGGANING

A week of weather like that I felt would be worth more than any medicine to me, and it lasted just a week. The sky was beautifully



CHILDREN COASTING.

clear, and the sun was bright, but even at midday the temperature was below the freezing point. The ground became as hard as iron, and when on the 27th of November a little snow fell again, everyone knew it had come to stay for the winter. During that week skating was vigorously practised by the young people. There were some fine sheets of ice close by, and I was almost horrified when a huge structure in the heart of the town was pointed out to me as the rink. It seemed to me that degeneracy was courted by those who made use of a rink, even though the floor was real ice, when they could have a field better and fifty times larger in the open air. But fashion rules in this as in everything else, except with school boys, who were rewarded for throwing



CHILD ON SNOW SHOES

off her chains by having the frozen ponds all to themselves.

The clearing of the forests has made a great difference in the climate of the maritime provinces of Canada, and the winters are generally shorter and milder now than they used to be. December is often well advanced before the ground is covered with a durable snow blanket, and this it loses in March, so that sleighs and toboggans are rarely in use more than three months of the year.

I visited Shediac, on the Straits of Northumberland, twice. The village is only seventeen miles from Moncton, in the opposite direction from Parrsboro, and the trains run

frequently. This place is much more French now than it was forty years ago, and as an evidence supports a newspaper in that language. Its shipbuilding has ceased, and its export of timber is small. Its oysters have had the reputation, since Judge Haliburton made them famous, of being the best in America, and its apples—if some that I ate from my cousin's orchard were a fair specimen—are about as near perfection as any fruit can be. Shediac has a perfectly safe harbour, but that is not a great advantage in Canada, which has so many of them. Two miles beyond the village is Point du Chêne, the terminus of the best ferry route from Prince Edward Island during the summer season.

Another tour which I made from Moncton was by train to River Hebert, in the county of Cumberland, where I spent three days. It is a beautiful locality, as the valley through which the river flows is broad and winding, and patches of forest are scattered over the heights. Along the stream are belts of rich marsh land, and the slopes upward from these are cultivated in places and used for pasture in others, the houses being dotted all about. I had never been there before, and knew nothing about the place except that it was the home of one of my brothers. With him one afternoon I took a short walk to the mouth of a coal pit in the valley. The pit ran into the ground in a sloping direction, so that low laden carriages were hauled up by steam power to a platform where they were tilted. The coal fell on a grating which acted as a sieve, and slid down into railway trucks ready to receive it below and convey it away. Here human industry was reduced to a minimum. In South Africa such a mine would be of the greatest value, but in Nova Scotia it is a mere nothing, because the quality of the coal at Springhill is somewhat better.

As we were standing near the mouth of the pit high up one side of the valley, a schooner came sailing along the river, and a train wound away beyond. I have seldom seen a fairer sight. Men and women brought up among rural scenes such as this—and they are plentiful in Canada—must have an intense affection for their country, such as no residents in towns can ever feel.

CHAPTER IX.

CITIES OF ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

I could only spend three days in St. John, and had not time to go up the river to Fredericton. There are few modern cities which sup-

ply materials for a more interesting history than the one at the mouth of the great river which De Monts and Champlain saw for the first time on the 24th of June 1604, and named the S. Jean. The French period is crowded with the elements of romance. Here once stood the fort held by Charles de la Tour against the army of his rival Charnisay, when they were engaged in civil strife for the possession of Acadia. Here Charnisay treacherously massacred the men who had held the fort against him when the wife of De la Tour, after a gallant defence, surrendered on honourable terms. Here that brave woman died of grief, without a thought that her volatile husband would ever obtain what they had striven for, though he did obtain it, but only after Charnisay's death by marrying his widow.

Here on the banks of this river despairing men and weeping women were seen fleeing to the woods with children not more helpless than themselves, when the French settlements were given to the flames in that cruel strife which left the country a possession of England. What suffering was not witnessed at times like these, as well as when the Micchites went on the war path against the pale faces.

In 1761 Fort Frederick was built here and garrisoned with British troops, and in 1763 about two hundred families from Massachusetts, under the leadership of a hardy pioneer named Israel Perley, settled on the banks of the river. But the greater part of the site of the present city was covered with primeval forest when on the 18th of May 1783 a fleet of twenty ships cast anchor before it, and three thousand people, men, women, and children, began to land on the soil which was to be their future home. They were United Empire Loyalists, who had taken the British side in the American revolutionary war, and were then obliged to expatriate themselves. During the summer of that year two thousand more arrived, and subsequently many little parties joined their predecessors.

In the States there was, perhaps not unnaturally, a very bitter feeling against the adherents to the British cause. The new governments confiscated all their property, real and personal, and after the surrender of Cornwallis they saw plainly that there was nothing but exile before them. They went to different parts of Canada and formed settlements, chief of which was the one at the mouth of the river St. John. Parrtown the place was first named, after the governor of Nova Scotia, but in November 1784 New Brunswick was constituted a separate province,

and soon a city of St. J.

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and soon afterwards Partrtown became the city of St. John.

I have not sufficient leisure to enter much further into the history of either the province or the town. In spite of the terrible poverty of the loyalist refugees and the bitter hardships which they endured, the place grew. In my childhood I was saturated with tales of its early days and of the struggles of the pioneers. They were very proud, those old loyalists, of what their fathers had done for principle's sake, and of what they had themselves suffered in consequence. If it was to be done over again they would do it, they used to say. And yet I never heard any one approving of the acts of the British government which brought on the rebellion of the colonists. It would all have come right in course of time if the people had only exercised patience, they explained, and then what a country would ours not have been? Why we need not have feared the rest of the world in arms against us.

What Grahamstown was forty years ago as the Settler city of the Cape Colony, St. John was as the Loyalist, city of the British American provinces. Its people were very exclusive and very conservative in their ideas and habits. The houses and stores were nearly all built of wood, and even the sidewalks were of the same material. There were great ship-yards close by, immense rafts of logs were usually moored in the spring off Read's Point, and huge stacks of timber were to be seen on the wharves. It was just like a great match-box, ready to be struck alight, and though very disastrous fires had often taken place, no one seemed to think another would ever occur. The city was built on several rocky ridges running parallel to each other, with grooves between, so that the streets in one direction were steep inclines.

I could not recognise anything beyond the localities when I saw St. John again in November 1894. I went to the top of the hill on which Fort Howe was built, and from which a very fine view is obtained. There was the river as in days gone by, and there was Partridge Island off its mouth, but nothing else that I knew. I went to the site of the house in which I was born, and found it occupied by a handsome bank. I walked to the street in which the old grammar school stood, and was standing talking to my cousin of the alterations in the locality, when a gentleman came up and joined in the conversation. He was James Hannay, author of a *History of Acadia*, who went to the school there just as I was leaving it, and who was

intimately acquainted with all the changes that had taken place since. He knew how far the schoolhouse had extended in every direction, and could point out the position even of the principal's desk. And so I reared the old fabric again mentally, and pictured the boys in the different classes of long ago, boys now either grey-headed men or sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

The cause in the great difference in the appearance of St. John in 1854 and 1894 was the terrible fire that took place on the 20th of June 1877. At two o'clock in the afternoon of that disastrous day the flames burst out in a building at York Point, and before the following morning the choicest part of the city was in ashes. Over sixteen hundred houses disappeared. Public buildings, churches, banks, warehouses, all were swept away. Only one printing office and one bank was left. The business part of the city was destroyed. Everything that had stood on two hundred and forty-six acres of ground had vanished, property to the value of nearly six million pounds sterling was no more, and fifteen thousand people were homeless.

St. John has hardly even yet recovered from that disaster. It has now thirty-nine thousand inhabitants, and it had as many before the fire. Wooden buildings are no longer allowed within certain limits, and it contains some handsome streets of brick and stone, in the modern style. The ancient characteristics of the place are gone for ever, the old families are dispersed, and the Loyalist traditions are well nigh extinct.

I went to the public library, which contains ten thousand volumes. It is maintained by the city council, and is open from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 daily, Sundays excepted. The librarian, a young lady, with a single assistant, keeps everything in excellent order, but the institution is not frequented as one might expect it to be. Only about twenty-three thousand issues of books on loan are made in a year. The collection of works on Canada is meagre.

I was informed that Mr. Scott, the editor of the *Daily Sun*, had the best purely Canadian library in the province, and as one of his reporters came to me for information upon South Africa, I retorted by a request to see his books. He was most obliging in the matter, took me to his residence, and, though I must have trespassed overmuch upon his time, seemed pleased to show me his valuable collection and to point out the most trustworthy authors.

There is no public museum in the city, but

the Natural History Society has some preserved animals, poorly kept, and allows any one to see them without charge. The form of admission is merely to ask for the key in a chemist's shop, to walk up stairs, and open the door.

One day I was invited by Dr. Steeves, the Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, to dine with him. The asylum is situated at Carleton, not far from the suspension bridge. Dr. Steeves and his charming family had travelled over a large part of the

There was a little printing office in the asylum, from which a magazine is issued every month. Dr. Steeves has been kind enough to forward me a copy of this magazine regularly since my return to South Africa, and I find it a very interesting production. The object in getting it out is to keep the minds of some of the patients in a state of healthy activity. Dr. Steeves also furnished me with some statistics which I asked for, as I thought they might be useful for comparison with South Africa, but I find now that my time is too much



STREET IN ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

world, and though he had never been in South Africa, he knew a great deal about this country. He was kind enough to show me over the institution, and he pointed out that the rooms were so arranged as to have a pleasant view from every window in the wards. From one the outlook was the gorge of the St. John, from another the harbour, from a third rural scenery, and so on. Many of the patients were on a farm at no great distance, where they could have little gardens, and occupy the time in some cheerful manner. No place could be more neatly kept than this.

occupied with other matters to do anything with this.

There was a small negro settlement at Loch Lomond, close to St. John, that dated from 1814, and I was desirous of learning as much as I could about these people. The settlement originated in a number of Virginian slave families that took refuge on board the British fleet which held possession of Chesapeake Bay for some time during the war with the United States. These people were placed on plots of ground, with a view to their becoming market gardeners, but from the first there

was a tendency. They formed themselves into a group of theosophists to know the bestowal that they physically eastern from blood in above most.

I was in the worst coloured inquired in was informed separate. Why? I replied. My school, and

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All the room, and there also dressed as a pal's niece group of it was registered school for colour from white, and perhaps his expression were all of was strict.

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was a tendency among them to live in the city. They formed choice material for philanthropists to work with, and I wished therefore to know the result of the care that had been bestowed upon them. I may say, however, that they never were on an equality, either physically or mentally, with the Kaffirs on our eastern frontier, who have a strain of Asiatic blood in their veins that raises them high above most other Africans.

I was informed that they lived together in the worst part of the city. As I had not seen coloured children in the public schools, I inquired if they were not being educated, and was informed that they were, but in a separate building and by special teachers. Why? I asked. On moral grounds, was the reply. My cousin offered to take me to their school, and we spent a whole afternoon there.

The principal teacher was a Bermudian, perfectly black, but a highly intelligent and fine looking man. The Bermudians are recognised in America as being in every way superior to the other blacks. They have East Indian blood in them, and it shows itself in more refined features and a silkiness of the hair, but especially in higher intellectual power. This teacher, a neatly dressed handsome man, was the very essence of politeness and civility. My cousin informed him of the object of my visit, when he at once expressed a warm interest in Africa, the land of his fathers. He had heard of Lovedale, and of the good work being done there, so when I informed him that I had once been a teacher at that institution and told him of the positions of usefulness now occupied by some of its former pupils, he was ready to do anything in his power for me.

All the children were brought into one large room, and the girls' department assembled there also. The female teacher, a nicely dressed comely young woman, was the principal's niece. One had only to look at the group of children to see why on moral grounds it was regarded as necessary to have a separate school for them. They were of all shades of colour from the deepest black to a dingy white, and some were very coarsely attired, perhaps half attired would be a more correct expression, though I was glad to see that they were all clean, and was told that cleanliness was strictly enforced in the school.

The higher classes showed a very fair knowledge of the subjects taught ordinarily in a school of the third—I can hardly say the second—grade in the Cape Colony, but I was informed that their strongest point was singing. And indeed they sang some of Sankey's

hymns in a way that made it a treat to listen to them.

You have been teaching here, I said to the principal, a long time, I understand.

He told me how many years, but I have forgotten the number.

You have taught the grown up people of to-day when they were children, and you are acquainted with all the Africans in this city, I suppose?

Yes, he replied, I taught them and I know them all.

Now tell me please, I said, what the children you first taught and all those you have been teaching since are doing now, I want to know how they are making a living.

One is a professor in a college in the south, he replied with great satisfaction, and he told me of that boy's cleverness and good disposition and studious habits, and how he had step by step risen to be a professor of English literature in one of the former slave states of the American Union.

And the others? I said.

One is a lawyer in St. John, he replied, but he did not tell me more of him, and my cousin informed me afterwards that this lawyer would not exert himself to work up a case, and was in distressed circumstances when the legal fraternity, out of compassion, made him their librarian, and gave him a salary to live upon.

The others were in various occupations, he added.

But I would like to know, I persisted, exactly what they are doing. Please tell me how many of them are blacksmiths, or carpenters, or masons, or wheelwrights, for I hear mechanics are somewhat scarce. How many of them are keeping grocer's or draper's shops? How many are working in factories?

He knew of none in any of these occupations; but, said he, they have one line of business entirely to themselves, that is the barber's.

But they can't all be barbers? I suggested.

No, a good many of them manage to get a living by whitewashing.

Can you not think of any other occupations in which some are engaged?

Well yes, he replied, I can, but then it is not much to boast of. A good many are employed in opening oysters.

I could hardly avoid smiling, but I found afterwards that this statement was literally true. The number of oysters consumed in St. John is very large indeed, and at every place where they are sold a black man is employed to open them. The dexterity with which he accomplishes this is marvellous, it is almost an

art, but then, as the teacher said, it is not the kind of skill to boast of.

And now there are the professor, and the lawyer, and the barbers, and the whitewashers, and the oyster openers: are there any others?

He could think of no other fixed occupation: those who were not engaged in them, he said, got a living by doing odd chores about the town. Some of the girls went into service for a while, others didn't, but any number of the women took in washing, and a few of them went out scrubbing.

Such is the condition of these people in St. John, where there are about five hundred of them, and I ascertained subsequently that there are about a thousand of them at Halifax in the same state, except that there are a few coopers among them. They have not worked their way upward, and, setting aside a few individuals, they do not seem to be capable of doing so. I have no doubt they think the white people ought to furnish them with good positions, as they cannot realise that they must fit themselves for something better before something better falls to their hands to do.

The time had now come for me to leave Canada again, though I longed to be able to spend another month or two there. The bracing weather had done me an infinite amount of good. I found my nerves so strengthened that I could once more write legibly, and I felt that I ought to be in record offices in Europe, for the opportunity might never recur of getting material to go on with my historical work. My plan was to return to London to consult again the medical specialist under whose treatment I had placed myself, and to look for documents in the India Office and the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after which I purposed to visit Rome and Lisbon to obtain some information that I believed could be had in those places. I was already in communication with men who had examined records there, and who offered to help me with their experience, besides which I had studied the Portuguese language sufficiently to be able to master the contents of any ancient manuscripts.

As I came to find out afterwards, I had been building a huge castle in the air, and I was never in reality to see more than a very small portion of it. Never mind, it is better to build big air castles and enjoy looking at them in prospect, than to build wretched little ones that are not worth contemplating at all. I could not foresee either that the work in London alone was sufficient to occupy all the remainder of my holiday, or that my health

was not so firmly re-established as to stand the strain of very close application. I only knew that I ought not to let more of the hours pass away without doing something towards my work.

I therefore parted with my relatives, and took the train for Halifax in Nova Scotia. This city, of about thirty-nine thousand inhabitants, is the only one in Canada garrisoned by British troops, and as it is also a naval station, uniforms were plentiful in its streets. It is the most thoroughly English town on the American continent. The temperature ranges from +98 to—24 Fahrenheit, when I was there it was about +20. Most of the houses are of wood, but there are some very fine buildings of stone and brick. There is a noble public garden, with ornamental sheets of water—ice of course in December,—and trees, all except those of the pine species leafless when I saw them. The graveyards are within the city, and are well laid out and kept.

I visited the free public library, which is open from 1 to 7, and on Saturdays from 1 to 9. It is in a room over the town hall. There are two lady librarians, who informed me that it contained twenty thousand volumes. As it looked no larger than the public library of a third rate town in the Cape Colony, I asked if they were sure, and then came an explanation that the twenty thousand included pamphlets and magazines.

I went next to the library of the provincial parliament, which is practically open to the public for consultation from 10 to 5 daily during the recess. It contains about thirteen thousand volumes, exclusive of duplicates, and eight thousand pamphlets.

There is a museum maintained by the provincial legislature. It is on the third floor of the fine building used as the post office and custom house, but is too small for the collection in it. It is particularly rich in geological specimens, especially in specimens of the flora of the coal formations, which were collected by the late Dr. Honeyman, government geologist of Nova Scotia and curator of the museum for about twenty-five years. I could only spend a couple of hours in it.

Halifax is the centre of a very important fishing industry. Fleets of small schooners sail from its magnificent harbour to the great banks of Newfoundland, and return with thousands of tons of codfish alone. I passed warehouse after warehouse packed from floor to roof with nothing but dried fish.

I went up to the fortress which crowns the ridge on which the city is built, and from which a very fine view is obtained. And on

the morning
dew, in which
to Liverpool
and saw
la crosse

the morning before going on board the *Labrador*, in which steamship I had taken passage to Liverpool, I walked out on the common and saw a group of youngsters practising la crosse on skates on a large frozen pond.

The next best thing to enjoying a game of this kind oneself—and that is a long way behind me now—is surely to see others enjoying it as those fine young fellows were doing.

God bless Canada.



« Canada's National Song. »

—:O:—

“MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.”—BY E. G. NELSON.

Though other skies may be as bright,
And other lands as fair;
Though charms of other climes invite
My wand'ring footsteps there:
Yet there is one, the peer of all
Beneath bright heaven's dome;
Of thee I sing, O happy land,
My own Canadian home.

Thy lakes and rivers as “the voice
Of many waters” raise
To Him who planned their vast extent
A symphony of praise.
Thy mountain peaks o'erlook the clouds,
They pierce the azure skies;
They bid thy sons be strong and true,
To great achievements rise.

A noble heritage is thine,
So grand and fair and free;
A fertile land, where he who toils
Shall well rewarded be.
And he who joys in nature's charms,
Exulting, here may view
Scenes of enchantment, strangely fair,
Sublime in form and hue.

Shall not the race that tread thy plains
Spurn all that would enslave?
Or they who battle with thy tides,
Shall not that race be brave?
Shall not Niagara's mighty voice
Inspire to actions high?
’Twere easy such a land to love,
Or for her glory die.

And doubt not should a foeman's hand
Be armed to strike at thee,
Thy trumpet call throughout the land
Need scarce repeated be!
As bravely as on Queenston's heights,
Or as in Lundy's Lane,
Thy sons will battle for thy rights,
And freedom's cause maintain.

Did kindly heaven afford to me
The choice where I would dwell,
Fair Canada that choice should be,
The land I love so well.
I love thy hills and valleys wide,
Thy water's flash and foam;
May God in love o'er thee preside,
My own Canadian home.



